HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE

HOPALONG CASSIDY
SO LONG, CALDERON! TAKE GOOD CARE OF THINGS BACK AT THE BAR SO I'M HANDLING THIS AFFAIR ALONE.
BYE, HOPPY! BE CAREFUL!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

BY DAN SPIEGLE

ED FINNEY ... THAT'S THE MAN MARSHAL WALKER SAID WAS THE ONLY RELIABLE ONE IN TOWN NOW THAT SHERIFF WESCOTT IS DEAD...
THE MARSHAL SENT ME A LETTER ASKIN' MY HELP IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE ... AN' I'LL BE THERE, MR. CASSIDY...
MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN
THIS IS ONE TOWN GAMBLERS GOING TO WISH I'D STAYED OUT OF!
FIND HIM, MEN...

MISTER FINNEY, WHERE WAS SHERIFF WESTCOTT MURDERED ?
OUT AT HIS RANCH, ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM TOWN, MORRO
WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT ?
TH' LITTLE WESTCOTT BOY CLAIMS HE SAW TH' MURDERER, BUT NO ONE BELIEVES HIM. I THINK HE'S TELLIN' THE TRUTH, I BELIEVE IT WAS
BY MONTANA

WHAT'S GOIN' ON UP THERE, BURT?
IT'S THAT CASSIDY FELLER! HE'S COMIN' ROUND UP HERE HE
YIPE!
YOUR FRIEND GETS DIZZY IN HIGH PLACES, DAHON!
GET HIM, MEN — DEAD OR ALIVE!

THERE'S TWO HORSES WAITING FOR US BACK OF KEY'S FEED STORE... LUCKY...
OUT IN THE ALLEY, MEN. THEY'LL PROBABLY TRY A BREAK THAT WAY...
MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS
THE FRIGHT'S ALL IT UP! THEY WON'T EXPECT US TO GO THAT WAY... I HOPE!

I DON'T EVER WANT TO KILL A MAN BUT IF THEY PUSH ME IT'S HARD TO HIT 'EM WHERE I WANT TO —
LUCKY ! WHERE ARE YOU !
I'M IN HERE BUT TH DOOR'S LOCKED !
STAND BACK I'M GOING TO SHOOT OFF THE LOCK
GET OUTSIDE MEN AN BLOCK HIS ESCAPE WE'LL HAVE GASS BY TRAPPED !

YOU SHOULD TALK!

HEAVEN KNOWS

HOBBY!
HANG ON TO MY HAND, LUCKY!
WOW! I SURE THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!
MEANWHILE—
THEY TRACK THE LEAD IN TO THE RIVER DIAMOND MINE. WE LOST 'EM!
AH! A PLAN THAT'S GONNA BRING LUCKY AND CASSIE

LUCKY YOU DIDN'T DIAMOND
YOU ON THE SPOT WHEN HE KNEW
YOU WITNESSED
THE WESTCOTT
KILLING?
HE WAS
PLANNIN TO FRAME
ME FOR TH KILLIN AN
GET TH PEOPLE
HANG ME.

THAT'S ON THAT SIDE
OF TH' TAYLOR FLOUR
MILL. IT'S BEEN SHUT
DOWN FOR 1 MTH.
THAT
PLACE FOR YOU TO HIDE
OUT TILL WE NEED YOU
TO TESTIFY AGAINST
DIAMOND.

MEAN-WHILE ON THE OTHER IS DE
OF THE RIVER
I'LL FIX CASSIDY
WE'LL GET TH WESTCOTT
BOY AN WE CAN HAVE
HIM BACK IN EXCHANGE
FOR LUMPY

IT'S GETTING LIGHT I'D BETTER BE STARTING BACK TO TOWN I'LL LEAVE YOU ONE OF MY SHOTGUNS AND SOME AMMO
THANKS, MORPHY!
WITH DIAMOND RUNNING THE TOWN YOU'LL BE SAFER RIGHT HERE! STAY OUT OF SIGHT & WON'T GET BACK!
LUCKY SAID IT THERE WAS A BRIDGE ABOUT THREE MILES UPSTREAM.
LATER
MORPHY, THE WESTCOTT BOYS BEEN ASHOOTIN'!

TOM WESTCOTT KIDNAPPED?
YES! HERE'S THE NOTE
"CARMODY, YOU CAN HAVE THE WESTCOTT BOY IN EXCHANGE FOR LUCKY. BRING LUCKY TO THE OLD MINER'S CABIN ON PIS MOUNTAIN NO TRICKS OR THE KID GETS HURT!"
THIS IS A TOUGH PROPOSITION, I'M WILL GIVE UP LUCKY YOUR KEW KEW, BUT I'LL BE RUINED, AN IT WILL BOIN TO
THERE'S NO CHOICE I'VE GOT TO SAVE THE BOY AND I'M NOT GIVIN' A DOMN FOR MY OWN WORK. I'M GOT TO

DIAMOND'S WORK SAID TOM WESTCOTT WHO DRIVES HELD AT THE OLD MINER'S CABIN ON P 2 MOUNTAIN —
DIAMOND WILL HAVE A LOT OF MEN AT THE CABIN TONIGHT HE WON'T FIGURE ON TROUBLE IN THE DAYLIGHT
CAFE
SEEMS TO BE ABOUT THREE MEN MORE THAN WORKED

THE WIND IS BLOWING AWAY FROM THE CABIN THIS ENOUGH FOR SCENT TO AFFECT HIM?
LOOK!
A BIG JELL FISH!
COME TO GET YOU OUT OF THAT CABIN!
HEAVEN HELP!

HOPALONG CASSIDY
by DAN SPIEGLE
THEY'RE THAT WAY WHERE I'VE BEEN YOU AND THE HEAD YOUR LAND TREE-LINE HOPPY
I'M ONLY TWO OF THE THREE BRANNG CARVER BROTHERS! IT'S ALMOST DAYLIGHT THAT OUGHT TO GIVE THEM OUTSIDE CHANCE OF PICKING UP THEIR TRAIL
FROZEN GROUND DOESN'T SHOW MUCH TRAIL, I'M AFRAID THEY'VE BEATEN US HOPPY
THEN, UNDER A COLD GRAY DAWN,
AN OUTPOST SOMEBODY IN THAT SETTLEMENT MAY HAVE SEEN THE CARVERS
1950-02-01
THOSE SURE FRONTS ARE ALL SCUFFED UP! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE COULD HAVE DRIVEN EVERYBODY AWAY?
LISTEN!
WITH AN OMINOUS MOUNTING RUMBLE, AN AVALANCHE OF SNOW CASCADES INTO THE VALLEY!
THAT EXPLAINS IT! THIS SETTLEMENT IS IN A SNOWSLIDE AREA, IT'S UNSAFE DURING THE WINTER MONTHS!
THEN WE'RE WASTIN' OUR TIME HOPPY, THE CARVERS WOULDN'T BE FOOLS ENOUGH TO...
I'VE TRAVELED FAR AN' I'VE TRAVELED WIDE AN' I AIM TO GET MY FILL I'LL SEE TH' BEST O' TH' GOLDEN WEST BUT I'LL NEVER SEE BOOT HILL
THAT WAS GUITAR MUSIC!
ONE OF THE CARVER BROTHERS PLAYS THE GUITAR THE ESCAPED KILLERS ARE IN ONE OF THOSE BUILDINGS
21

THE CABIN'S BURNING! I'VE GOT TO GET THE WESTCOTT BOY OUT OF THERE!
IF CABE MAKES A RUN FER TH' CABIN, WE'LL GIT HIM FER SURE!
INSIDE THE CABIN—

THEY CAN'T HIT ME IN ALL THIS SMOKE... HERE I COME, TOM!
YOU ALIVE, TOM?
YES, COUSIN SAM!

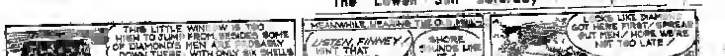
MISSED!
THAT'S TWO OF THEM!
MEANWHILE THE THIRD MAN IS HURRYING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TO TELL DIAMOND...

JUST A LITTLE WAYS FURTHER AND WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE, TOM!
GEE WORDS CAN'T SAY HOW GLAD I AM YUH SHOWED UP... IT WAS SCARY!
YOU'RE SAFE NOW, SON!
AND NOW MY EYES AGAINST DIAMOND... WE CAN START PUTTING THE PIECES TOGETHER!

THAT YOU TO FINNEY, TOM? THEN I'VE GOT TO GET LUCKY SAFELY HAND DOWN
AT DIAMOND MINING TWN.
I BTLIEVE FOOL STILL CARRYIN' TH' WESTCOTT KID FROM YUM
WITH TH' LUCKY BOY IN OUR HANDS WE CAN'T FORGET CAMPAIGN FOR LUCKY SO WE BETTER START COMBIN' TH' COUNTRY
YEAH, GOTTA GIT LUCKY HE'S TH' ONLY ONE WHO SAW YOU KILL SHERIFF WESTCOTT
AM BEEN ATTENDIN' CAMPAIGN ACROSS TH' STATE FROM WHERE WE LOST LUCKY AND CARRIED IT TH' OL' TANGLE HILL YOU DON'T SUPPOSE LUCKY COULD BE AVAH THERE?
YOU'RE RIGHT SHAWY! GET THE MEN!

HOPALONG CAS

I HOPE LUCKY STAYS OUT OF SIGHT! I WOULDN'T WANT ANY OF DIAMOND MEN TO FIND HIM!
I HOPE SO, TOO HOPPY!
MEANWHILE, DIAMOND HAS FOUND LUCKY!
WITH ONLY THIS ONE DOOR TO COVER, I COULD STAND THEM OFF ALL NIGHT! BUT I'M DOWN TO SIX SHELLS!


THIS LITTLE WINDOW IS TOO HIGH TO JUMP FROM BESIDES SOME OF DIAMONDS MEN ARE WAITIN' DOWN THERE WITH ONLY SIX SHELLS LEFT I CAN'T KEEP THEM OFF TH' STAIRS LONG
MEANWHILE, MARSHAL TIED ON A MAN
LISTEN, RIMVEY! ISN'T THAT HOOFBEATS?
SHORE SOUNDS LIKE IT!
SAY, LIKE DIAMOND GOT HERE FIRST! SPREAD OUT MEN! MORE WE'RE HOT TWO LATE!

ONE BY ONE THE DOOMS ILLUMINATI'S
DIAMOND'S MEN
HOPPY WE'RE FORGIN 'EM BACK IN TH MILL WHERE LUCKY S NOW HOW ARE WE GONNA GIT HIM OUT ALIVE?

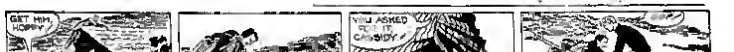
WHY DON'T WE MAKE A BREAK FER IT CARSON AN' TH' POSSE ARE PICKIN US OFF ONE BY ONE
YEAH, WHAT'S TH' BIG WAITIN FER?
DIAMOND'S GOTTA TAKE CARE O' HIS HORSE WE LEAVE
DAT OL' DIAMOND AND HIS MEN ARE RUSHIN TH' STAIRS WE ONLY GOT FOUR SHELLS LEFT!
LISSEN HOSS YUH CAINT DO THAT IT'S SUICIDE
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET LUCKY IT ALONE C'MON ME MEN

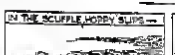
SOMA WORKS WHEN FIRE WHEN THEY'RE WET/ WHADDA YUH GONNA LOSE FOR THEM?
YOU FELLOWS FIRE TO DISTRACT THEIR ATTENTION/ THAT'S ALL THIS PROTECTION I WANT/
AS FOR U LETS THE SWIFT RIVER CURRENT TAKE HIM DOWN STREAM TO THE MILL/ THEY NEED SUM
THIS LAD BETTER WORK OR HEYLL BE FISHING ME OUT OF THE MUD FLATS NEXT SPRING/

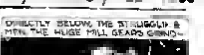
LUCKY! YOU IN THERE?
LUCKY! GET OUTA THERE!
HURRY! GET ME OUTA HERE QUICK! I'M OUTA AMMO AN' THEY'RE RUSHIN' TH' STAIRS!

GEE WHIZ, PUPPY, YOU MADE IT JUST IN TIME! DIAMOND WAS BREATHIN' DOWN MY NECK!
WELL, RIDE THIS WHEEL DOWN AND SWIM TO THE DOCK. I'LL HAVE A SURPRISE WAITING FROM THIS REAR-
SOMEBODY'S GAWNA GET UP HERE HOSKINS, I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU!
DALE MEGLIN

GET UP HERE, CASSIDY, I'M GONNA —
HEY!
WHY YOU—!
SNAP!
SNAP!
DON'T SHOOT, LUCKY, DIAMONDS MY MEAT!


GET HIM, HOPPY!
YOU ASKED FOR CASSIDY?


IN THE SCUFFLE HORRY SLIPS —


DIRECTLY BELOW, THE STRUGGLE & MEN, THE HUGE MILL GEARS GRIND —

YES, PRISCILLA

HE MUST BE

AAA...
DUNSHELL
YOU ALRIGHT, HOPPY?
YES, BUT DIAMOND—
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, HE WAS A KILLER! HE DESERVED WHAT HE GOT
HERE'S YOU...
WHERE'S MY
WELL, BE BY THE

YOU CAN MAKE YOUR FIRST ARREST AS SHERIFF FINNEY-
WHADDA YOU MEAN?
MARSHAL WALKER THOUGHT WE TO MAKE YOU SHERIFF WILL YOU ACCEPT?
I'D BE RIGHT PROUD TO.
WHERE YOU HEADIN NOW THAT TH GAMOND GANG'S ROUNDED UP NOPPY?
I TH NK I'LL GET BACK TO THE BAR 20 LUCKY
WELL I AH-DON'T HAVE NO PLACE IN PARTICULAR TO GO I WAS WONDERIN-
WE CAN ALWAYS USE A GOOD HAND AT THE BAR 20 LUCKY GLAD TO HAVE YOU

I HATE TO SEE YUH GO, HIGBY, BUT I'M GLAD YUH GOT ME A HOME WITH TH' FINNEY'S
THEY WANT YOU TO'T STAY'S AND MRS. FINNEY WILL MAKE YOU A FINE MA AND PA
GOOD BYE, HOMBY! ANY LUCKY COME BACK AN' VISIT US REAL SOON
THANKS, MRS. FINNEY. WE WILL RIGHT NEW I'M AS FOUR TO GET BACK TO THE BAR-20
MEANWHILE IN A RANCH HOUSE NEAR THE BAR-20
GENTS, AH DON'T MIND TH' BLOODSHED AMONG US WE GIT THE BAR-20'S
THEN THAT FAMILY IS GITTIN' SOME WELL START MOVIN' IN TOMORROW!

AH, IT'S GOOD TO SMELL THAT OL' SAGE AGAIN. LET'S GET A MOVE ON, LUCKY!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY GETTIN' BACK TO THE RANCH FOR?
JUST AN UNEASY FEELING. TROUBLE ALWAYS SEEMS TO START ALONG ABOUT ROUNDUP TIME.
IT WAS REAL QUIET NOW. WILL STRIKE AFORE CASSIDY'S MEN KNOW WHAT HIT THEM.

BURN EVERYTHING YOU CAN GET CLOSE TO MEN!
RECKON WE'LL BE IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST?
SHOULD BE — SAY THAT SOUNDS LIKE GUNFIRE!

THAT'S THE RADIO THEY'RE BROADCASTING UP LUCKY... MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!
GEE! I

GOT 'IM? HE WAS GONNA SHOOT THET STRANGER IN TH' BACK— SAY / THET'S HOPPY
HOPPY'D BETTER GIT IN HERE CUTA TH' WAY AFORE—
CAUFORN'A LOOK / THE BARN /

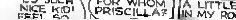
HE BASN'S GOT A CHANCE! LET'S GET OVER THERE, TOPPER!
IT'S HOPALONG CASSIDY! HE'S BACK!
START SHOOTING, BRIGADE MEN! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE RANCH!

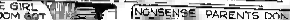
LOOKS L KE WE'RE
BEATIN OFF TH RAIDERS
AMOUNG HOW'S
BOYS DOIN WITH
TH FIRE ?
I THINK
THEY'RE
GETTING IT
UNDER-KEP
THEY'RE
THROWING TORCHES
ON THE DYNAMITE
SHED NEXT TO
THE BARN /
OUR BLASTING
EQUIPMENT IS IN
THAT SHED TOO! WE HAVE
TO STOP THAT BLAZE OR
WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN
SKY HIGH!
I SUPPOSE YOU HEARD
THE EXPLOSION
THIS TIME

JUST N TIME THOSE P AVIES MOST REACH THE DYNAMITE

JUMPIN' JACKSONVILLE! I'D A SWORE YOU WAS A GONNER, HOOPY.
THOSE RAIDERS RODE OFF GUESS THEY'S OVER

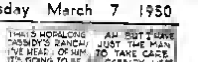
GOOD NOW WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT ANYWAY
THAT'S WHUT SO I TO KNOW WHEN COOK LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE OUT FER BLOOD


E'S SUCH NICE KIDS FEET SO


FOR WHOM PRISCILLA?
A LITTLE GIRL IN MY ROOM GOT
NOVSENSE PARENTS DON'T

NEVER FEAR, WYCK THE RAIN AND WYCK RAILROAD WILL GET THAT CONTRACT
REMEMBER, 90 DAYS TO LAY THE TRACK TO CASTLE JUNC! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
M-MMM... L.N. IN CASTLE JUNCTION...
JUST LOOK AT HIM! AND I

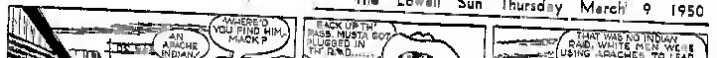
YOU CAN SEE HERE THAT I MUST PUT THE SPUR THROUGH THE BAR-20 TO REACH CASTLE JUNCTION. MY BOSS'LL TAKE ONLY THE LONE PINE ROUTE TO CASTLE.
BAR-20 PROPERTY


THIS'S HOPALONG CASSIDY'S RANCH! I'VE HEARD OF HIM! IT'S GOING TO BE HARD TO...
AH, BUT I HAVE JUST THE MAN TO HANDLE CASSIDY! HE'S NAMED ONE OF THE TOP KILLERS WEST OF THE

NOTHIN' BUT FEW WEEKS, STOLEN, POISONED WATER HOLES, STOLEN TILL CAN'T FINGER IT
SOMEONE'S SURE GOT IN THE BARGO, BUT WHO?

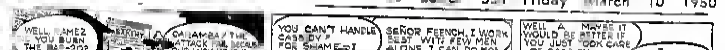
HERE COMES MACK AND THE BOYS WONDER IF THEY FOUND ANY TRACE OF THE RAIDERS
HEY! LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT A BODY!

WE FOUND OUT TO THE ARROWS DEAD HIS ARSENAL



VE BEEN THINKING, HAZEL! IT'S TIME WE

BUT HONK DEARS!


WELL, JAMEZ YOU BURN THE BAR-OO?
SEÑOR FEENCH
CAJAMBA! THE ATTACK OF BAD LUCK HE IS BAD! THAT FEEG CASSIDY HIS RETURN!
YOU CAN'T HANDLE CASSIDY? FOR SHAME SO! THOUGH!
SEÑOR FEENCH, I WORK BEST WITH FEW MEN ALONE, I CAN DO MOS DAMAGE
WELL A MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU JUST TOOK CARE OF CASSIDY
AH SEÑOR MOY MUSCLES FEE MY BRAINS FEE YOUR FEEST

POR NOT NOW

BEEG JEEM, KNUCKLES! COME WIT' ME YOU! THEN I'LL GET SOME SLEEP!
AW RITEZ, WE'RE ALL IN TOO AFTER THAT RAID!
FIRST WE TAKE CARE OF CASSIDY
HOW?
CASSIDY EES SMART HOMBRE I OONNERSTAN' EEF I AM NOT WRONG HE EES LOOKING FOR OUR TRAIL WE GO BACK AND MAKE AMBUSH!

WHAT WOULD THOSE RAIDERS MOST LIKELY DO TO WIPE OUT THIS RAILROAD?
NOTHIN' IF YOU ASK ME.
THEY CAN'T STEP UP HOW FROM MEETIN' THAT CONTRACT DEADLINE ONCE OUR SUPPLY TRAIN ARRIVES WITH ITS LAST LOAD!
SHUCKS, ZEKE! THAT'S THE REVENUER! IT MUST BE IN DANGER!
CALIFORNIA? LUCKY! GET Y'UR HORSES / WE'RE RICHES!
SIEGLE

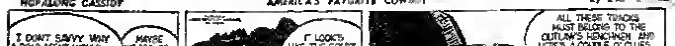
HIYA, SKEETER! WUST TIME IS THE ALFALFA CITY STAGE DUE?
MOST ANY TIME NOW, HOPPY
WAIT HERE A FEW MINUTES, JUDY.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WE HAVE TO MEET THE STAGE. I'LL GIVE LUCKY CALIFORNIA'S ANTI-OUT GOLD A PERSONAL ESCORT INTO TOWN!

FROM INSIDE A TRUNK, A MASKED STRANGER APPEARS, HAILING THE STAGE AT GUNPOINT.
FORCING LUCKY AND CALHOUN TO TURN OVER THE STRONG BOX CONTAINING THE THOUSANDS IN BILLS IN GOLD COIN.....
THIS MONEY WAS PAID US FER REMEMBERIN' A HERO O' CASTLE! HOW'D A BUZZARD LIKE YOU KNOW WE WAS CARRYIN' IT?
THAT'S MY BUSINESS!
ALL RIGHT, DRIVER...GET ROLLIN'!
NOT THIS TIME, MISTER!

HOPPY! WHERE ARE WE? HHOWDY! WOU GET MERE?
I ROBE OUT TO ESCORT THE STAGE INTO TOWN AND FOUND YOUR DONKEY SHOT AND THE COACH RUNNING AWAY. WHERE'S OUR GOLD?
SOME MASKED MAVERICK SHOWED UP FROM NOWHERE, HELD UP TH STAGE AN' FORCED US T' TURN OVER TH STRONG BOX! HE DON'T EVEN HAVE A HOSS!
WAIT A MINUTE! ARE YOU THINKING THE SAME THING I AM?
I'M TOO SICK OVER TH' LOSS OF THAT CATTLE MONEY T' THINK!
MARY WORTH
By KEN ALLEN

HOPALONG CASSIDY

AMERICA'S FAVORITE COWBOY



HOPALONG CASSIDY

AMERICA'S FAVORITE COWBOY

By DAN SPIEGLE

ARCHIE

SEE ARCHIE IN BIG SUNDAY EXPRESS COLORED COMIC SECTION

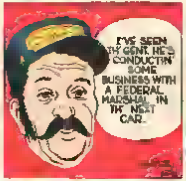
By MONTANA

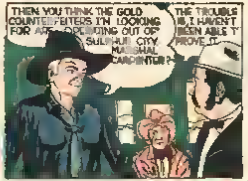
THAT'S CASHIN IN TH' BAD-JO BONNIE THAT STAGE !
SOMETHIN' MUST A HAPPENED TO TH' REGULAR DRIVER !
THIS ATTEMPTED HOLD-UP FAILED, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'VE LOST A DRIVER !
Y'SEE SOME MASHED GALOOT GOT HIM WHILE ME AN' LUCKY WAS—HEY WHERE IS LUCKY ?
AW, I MIGHTA KNOWED WE'D NO MORE'N UNROLL OUR BLANKETS WHEN THAT LOVESICK CALF HADTA GET HIM SELF ROPED IN BY ROMANCE !
NEVER MIND, GIVE ME A HAND WITH THAT STRAIN BOY WE'VE GOT TO GET IT DOWN TO THE EXPRESS DEPOSIT

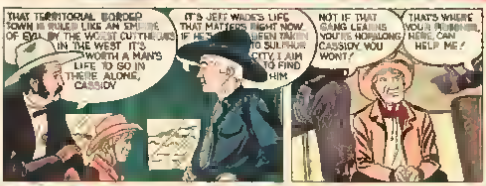
I'VE SEEN A LOT OF THIS STUFF RECENTLY AND THIS COMES ALL BEAR THE SAME IMPRESSION - MACHINES - I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN DEALT COUNTERFEIT - THIS MONEY IS COUNTERFEIT -
Y' MEAN IT AIN'T REAL GOLD?
FOOL'S GOLD... MADE OF IRON PYRITES. THERE'S A MESS OF IT FLOODING THE SOUTH WEST RANCHERIA MINES - AND GATLEMEN LIKE YOURSELVES ARE THE ONLY PERSONS KNOWING WAYS BEHIND THE COUNTERFEITERS OR HOW THIS STUFF IS PASSED.
I KNOW HOW THIS STUFF WAS PASSED.
SUCCESSION
THAT DEAD AGENT AND HIS PALS SWITCHED STRONG BOXES, DELIBERATELY ALLOWING US TO FIND THIS FAKE GOLD! THEY GAMBLED ON OUR BELIEF WE WOULDN'T CHASE THEM!
AN' WHILE WE WERE GLOATIN' OVER OUR FIND, THEY WERE MAKIN' OFF WITH OUR GOLD!

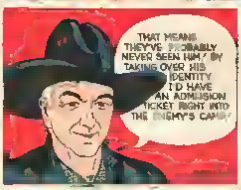
HOPALONG CASSIDY

BY DAN SPIEGLE

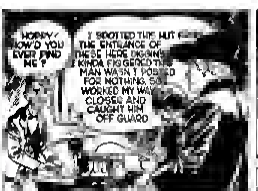




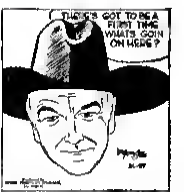




I'D NEVER HAVE GUESSED THIS HIDDEN PASSAGE WERE IF THAT STRANGE HORSEMAN HADN'T OPENED THE CAMOUFLAGED WALL SECTION...WONDER WHAT IT LEADS TO?
AN OPEN PIT MINE? THAT COULD BE THE SOURCE OF THE COUNTERFEIT GOLD AND WHERE JEFF WADE IS BEING HELD PRISONER!


HOBBY - HOW'D YOU EVER FIND ME ?
I SHOOTED THE NUT FROM THE BALANCE OF THESE HERE ENGINES, KINDA FIG'RED THE MAN WASN'T HOISTED FOR NOTHING, SO I WORKED MY WAY CLOSE AND CAUGHT HIM OFF GUARD

YOU'VE WALKED INTO A ONE WAY TRAP HOBBY. I'M A BLACK IS LIKE A FORTRESS, INFESTED WITH ARMED KILLERS. NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED ALIVE !

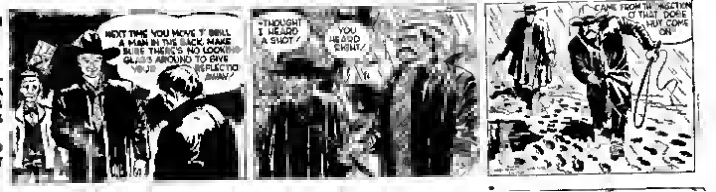

THERE'S GOT TO BE A FLIPPIN' THING WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE ?

THESE ENGRAVINGS WERE SECRETLY REOPENED WHEN A WAY WAS FOUND TO CONVERT WORTHLESS PLATES INTO COUNTERFEIT MONEY! THEY KIDNAPPED ME TO DO THE ARTSY WORK.

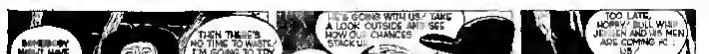
WHO'S THEY?
THE PICKED RENEGADES WHO RUN BUCKHUD CITY! BULL WHIP JENNERS IN CHARGE OF THE MINE, CRUW HE RUNS THINGS AROUND HERE WITH AN IRON HAND!

BULL WHIP LIVES UP TO HIS NAME, TUCKIE WHO STEP OUT OF LINE ONLY MAKE THE MISTAKE ONCE!

YOU MEAN T' SAY YOU DELIBERATELY BLUNDED INTO TOWN AS AN OUTLAW AND SUCCEEDED IN TYING IN WITH THE SILVER FOX'S MEN ?
I'VE MANAGED T' GET AROUND
BUT I'M STILL LOOKING FOR AN ELUSIVE MEMBER OF THIS GANG WHO WEARS SMALL SIZE BOOTS, SMOKES CIGARETTES AND HAS A HABIT OF BREAKING MATCHSTICKS
YOU CAN STOP LOOKIN' YOU TWO HAVE ALREADY MET.
THAT'S THE RINGLEADER OF THIS WHOLE MOB !
WHAT ? WHO IS IT, JEFF ?


NEXT TIME YOU MOVE Y' BELL A MAN IN THE BACK MAKE SURE THERE'S NO LOOKING GLASS AROUND TO HAVE REFLECTED YOUR
-THOUGHT I HEARD A SHOT-
YOU HEARD RIGHT.
CAME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THAT DOME ON

WHO IS THIS LEADER BEHIND THE SIN-FILLED CITY WALLS?
THE PERSON YOU'D LEAST SUSPECT.
IT'S.....


SOMEBODY MIGHT HAVE HEARD THAT SHOT!
THEN THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE! I'M GOING TO TRY AND SMUGGLE YOU OUT OF HERE, JEFF!
HE'S GOING WITH US! TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE AND SEE HOW OUR CHANCES STACK U
WHAT ABOUT THIS GUARD?
TOO LATE, HOMEY! BULL WILL JENSEN AND HIS MEN ARE COMING AT US!

MY ONLY HOPE OF RESCUING YOU WAS TO SLIP INTO THESE MINE DIGGIN'S, JEFF. WHEN I LEAVE, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
THERE ISN'T A CHANCE, HOPPY!
BULLWHIP JENSEN AND HIS MINE GUARDS ARE HEADING THIS WAY. THEY MUST SUSPECT SOMETHING'S WRONG.
THERE'S A WAGON LOAD OF NEWLY MINTED FAKE COIN JUST BACK OF THIS HUT, READY FOR A TRIP INTO TOWN. WE'LL SMUGGLE OURSELVES IN WITH THAT SHIPMENT. THIS GENT WILL DO THE DRIVING.
BUT HOW CAN WE GET RID OF THAT MOB OUTSIDE, HOPPY?
SIMPLE...
EMPTY THE SHELLS FROM THIS MAVERICK'S RIFLE, THEN HAND IT BACK TO HIM. HURRY!
THERE'S AN OUTSIDER LOOSE IN THESE DIGGIN'S. SEE ANY STRANGERS ABOUT?
SURE DID, BULLWHIP.
I FIRED AT SOMEBODY WHO FLED TOWARD TH' MINE TUNNEL.
SO THAT WAS YOUR SHOT WE HEARD...
C'MON, BOYS! IF ANYBODY'S HOLED UP IN THAT MINE, WE GOT 'IM CORNERED!
YOU'RE LUCKY. YOU MADE IT SOUND RIGHT CONVINCING.
HAVE YER FUN, MISTER. YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT A HERE WITH YER SKIN!

THERE'S NOBODY INSIDE IN TH' MINE TUNNEL, BULLWHIP
THAT'S PLAIN ENOUGH! C'MON, WE'LL SEARCH IN BACK O' TH' DIGGINS
WADE 'N TH' GUMBOYS GONE!
AW! THAT WAGON LOAD O' COUNTERFEIT COINS WENT WITH 'EM
WHAT!
WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED! I'M A FALSE LEAD! NOW GET TH' GALOOT!

OOH! BULLWHIP! A STRANGE LOOK!
BLAZER/TH' BOSS WAS RIGHT! THERE'S BEEN AN OUTBREAK! SMOOPIN' 'ROUND TH' PLACE!
WE'RE WASTIN' TIME! TAKE TH' CRITTERS IN TOWARD WELL! SOON AS RID OF WHO EVER I'M!

WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED, HOPPY! BULL WHIP JENSEN AND A PARTY ARE R ON US FROM TH' EAST
FASTER DRIVER IF YOU VALUE YOUR HIDE, YOU'D BETTER OUT-RUN THAT KILL CRAZY MOB
CLOSE TH' GAP, MEN, AN AIM FOR THAT DOUBLE CROSSIN' AHEAD. IT'S TH' ONLY WAY T' HALT THIS RIG

HEAD DOWN JEFF!
SUDDENLY A SHOT FINDS ITS MARK THE DRIVER
OUT OF CONTROL THE RUNAWAY WAGON CAREENS WILDLY TOWARD THE SIDE OF A SHEER DROP!

AIM FER TH' DRIVER./ WE GOTT GIT WADE AN' THAT COUNTERFEIT GOLD BACK./
THERE'S ANOTHER HOMBRE ABOARD TOO JUDGIN' FROM THIS WHITE MOSS WE FOUND./
WADE./ OUR DRIVER'S BEEN HIT./
I-I THINK SO, HOPPY.
YOU ALL RIGHT, JEFF?
DON'T SEE ANY BODIES. DISMOUNT./ WE'LL CLIMB DOWN THERE AN' MAKE SURE./
THAT FINISHED 'EM./
THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US./ START PULLING YOURSELF UP./ EASY DOES IT./
HOLD TOPPER AND PICK OUT MOUNT FOR YOURSELF. I'LL SCATTER THE REST./
NOW TO HEAD FOR SULPHUR CITY./
THEN WHAT, HOPPY?

HOPALONG CASSIDY
DAN PIEGLE
I'M SORRY YOU TURNED OUT TO BE THE LEADER OF SULPHUR CITY'S OUTLAW RING, CALICO. CAPTURING WOMEN ISN'T QUITE IN MY LINE.
DON'T APOLOGIZE, CASSIDY. IT TAKES A WOMAN TO FOOL THE SMARTEST MEN.....
ON THE DAY OF THE BAR-20'S NINE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR GOLD SHIPMENT, MY HENCHMEN AND I WERE JUST OFF THE TRAIL WATCHING THE STAGE HOLDUP WE'D PLANNED.
VUH DIRTY POLECAT! WE'LL GIT VUH FER TAKIN' OUR HARD-EARNED MONEY!
SO STILL PURSUIT WE SWITCHED, SO LONG "MIKES," LEAVING BEHIND A COUNTERFEIT SHIPMENT.....
"WE NEEDED JIM AS YES-MAN COULD DOCTOR UP FOR GOLD INTO PASSING FOR REAL. SO WE KIDNAPPED JEFF WHEELER.....
SNAP!
I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU'D CONNECT THAT FARE MONEY WITH HIS DISAPPEARANCE.
OR THAT I'D LEARN FROM A GOVERNMENT MARSHAL OF THE COUNTERFEIT RING OPERATING HERE. THAT'S WHY I CAME TO SULPHUR CITY, POSING AS ACE KILGORE, A WANTED GUNMAN.
VERY CLEVER OF YOU, MISTER CASSIDY. YOU KNEW WE WERE EXPECTING KILGORE.....AN OUTLAW WE'D NEVER SEEN.....
MY HENCHMEN TOLD ME OF YOUR ARRIVAL. I'LL ADMIT YOU FOOLED US WITH SUCH SCHOOLED CREDENTIALS.
BUT WHEN I DISCOVERED YOU WERE NOT IN YOUR HOTEL ROOM I GREW SUSPICIOUS AND RODE TO YOUR COUNTERFEITING PLANT TO WARN THE GUARDS.....
"YOU AND WADE GOT AWAY, BUT I WATCHED YOU ESCAPE TOWARD THE STEEDING TIMBER.....
YOU MADE THE MISTAKE OF HIDING YOUR OUTLAW DISGUISE IN THE SADDLE BAG AND SHOWING UP A LITTLE TOO CONVENIENTLY.
WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES.

HOPALONG CASSIDY
by DAN SPIEGLE
ON YOUR FEET CASSIDY!
HUH?
HOW'D I GET HERE?
YOU WERE FISHED OUTA LODA CREEK WHEN TH' OL' LOG BRIDGE GAVE WAY. MISS CALICO ORDERED YUH BROUGHT HERE.
NOW GIT OUT THERE WITH TH' OTHERS!
THE PYRITE DIGGINGS!
RIGHT! GIT BUSY AN' HELP UNLOAD THAT ONE CAR!
YOU'RE LUCKY THEY DIDN'T PUT YUH IN TH' MINE-TUNNEL CREW, STRANGER. IT'S TH' DUST AN' SULPHUR FUMES THAT KILLS 'EM OFF QUICK DOWN THERE.
QUIET!
IF YUH CAN'T REMEMBER T' QUIT TALKIN', HERE'S SOMETHIN' THAT'LL TEACH YUH!
AN' HERE'S YOUR LESSON FOR TODAY!
SNAP!
1-21
WE ALLOW ONLY ONE MISTAKE LIKE THAT, CASSIDY. YOU'VE USED UP YOUR QUOTA!
NOT YET, BULLWHIP!
PUT HIM ON TH' TUNNEL GANG, AN' KEE'P 'IM THERE TILL HE DROPS IN HIS TRACKS!

HOPALONG CASSIDY
By DAN SPIEGLE
I FIGURED YOU'D BE SHOWING UP SOONER OR LATER, CALICO.
I CAN USE A MAN OF YOUR CUT. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, CASSIDY.
I COULD KEEP YOU SLAVING IN THIS MINE UNTIL THE SULPHUR FUMES GOT YOU INSTEAD, I'M OFFERING YOU A PLACE IN MY ORGANIZATION.
WHAT'S THE CATCH?
NOTHING. IN FACT IT'S VERY SIMPLE...
YOU JUST WRITE A FAREWELL LETTER TO YOUR BAR-20 FRIENDS UNDER MY DIRECTION, TELLING THEM YOU WON'T BE BACK. I CAN'T RISK HAVING A SEARCH PARTY SHOW UP LOOKING FOR YOU.
CALICO, YOU'VE JUST TAKEN ON A NEW HAND!
COME UP TO THE MINE OFFICE. YOU CAN WRITE THE LETTER THERE.
I'LL TELL THE BAR-20 BUNCH THAT I'M QUITTING THE RANCH AND GOING INTO THE MINING BUSINESS SOMEWHERE.
WHAT IF THEY DON'T BELIEVE YOU?
I'LL ENCLOSE A SAMPLE OF PYRITE DUST AS "PROOF."
GOOD! START WRITING.
THIS OUGHT TO DO IT
NOW SIGN IT!
THANKS, MISTER CASSIDY AT LAST I HAVE YOU COMPLETELY AT MY MERCY! NO ONE WILL COME HERE LOOKING FOR YOU NOW!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YUH JUS' WRIT YER OWN DEATH WARRANT!
TAKE HIM AWAY, BULLWHIP! I HAVE AN IMPORTANT LETTER TO MAIL.

I'LL SEE THAT YOUR TRAVELS'LL BE THE PROPERTY MARKED TO BE TAKEN CARE OF!
WHEN I GET BACK I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!
WH-WHAT'S HE MEAN?
I DON'T DO NOTHIN' TO HURT NOBODY!
A TRAVEL TROOPER MEANS WE MUST TAKE IT SERIOUS! I'M MIGHTY ASHAMED, SAVIN' YOUR PEEPTY'LL YOUNG CHILDREN!
WHEN IT AIN'T THE RIGHT KINDA TRAVEL TO HAVE A CHILDREN!
YEAH, CLEESE HE DIDN'T KNOW THEM ON SIGHT!
AS I WAS SAYIN' ALL THROUGH PROCESSING UNAMEMENT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I REALLY

HOPALONG
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, MR. HOPALONG CASSIDY, IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF THIS OFFICE RIGHT NOW I'LL CALL THE SHERIFF!
THERE'S A CLOSE-UP AT EVERY REEL... STOCKED WITH LOVE AND PASSION
MR. GOLAN, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO CUT SOME OF THOSE CLOSE-UPS OUT!
WHAT THE DEVIL CLOSE-UPS LIKE THAT CAN'T BE CUT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? HE'S ACTING LIKE HE'S GOT A BEE IN HIS BONNET!
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'D BETTER STAY AWAKE UNTIL LATER WHEN I'M ALONE WITH HIM... I'LL BE GLAD TO GET RID OF HIM!

HOPALONG CASSIDY
GOIN' BLIND UNDER THAT DESERT SUN DIDN'T HURT YER HEARIN' NONE, FELIPE
REMEMBERING SOUNDS HAS HELPED ME LEAD YOU BACK TO WHERE I THEENK THESE UNKNOWN HOMBRES HOLD ME CAPTIVE, SEÑORS.
THOSE LADDERS YOU RECALL CLIMBING SURE TIES IN WITH THAT ABANDONED CLIFF DWELLING.
MORNING LIVE SHADOWS FOUR FIGURES STEALTHILY ASCEND THE MANY TIERS OF LADDERS PASSING TIER AFTER TIER OF SILENT, DESERTED APARTMENTS
UP UP THEY CLIMB
THAT LOOKOUT'S STOOD HIS LAST WATCH!
SH! THERE MAY BE OTHERS INSIDE!
NOBODY HOME!
THEES EES THE PLACE WHERE I WAS TAKEN BLINDFOLDED, SEÑOR! I KNOW EET BY THE STRANGE SMELL!
IT'S NOT SO STRANGE. THE STUFF IN THESE BARRELS IS OIL!
OIL? WHO'D WANT IT LUG IT AWAY?
LOOKS LIKE WE LOST TH' BLIND KID. WHADDA WE DO NOW, SLOAT?
THERE'S OTHER WAYS O' GETTIN' WHAT WE'RE AFTER. WE'LL DECIDE ON ONE O' 'EM AT TH' CLIFF HIDEOUT!

HOPALONG CASSIDY
BY DAN SPIEGLE
DISCOVERED IN THE OLD CLIFF DWELLING BY SLOAT'S OUTLAWS WHEN THE LOOKOUT RECOVERS TO SOUND AN ALARM, HOPPY AND HIS FRIENDS ARE FORCED INTO A GUN FIGHT, THE CANDLE OVERTURNS AND A NEW DANGER THREATENS.....
THEY'RE MAKIN' FER TH' EXIT.
WE'LL TRY AND HEAD 'EM OFF.
STAND CLEAR OF THAT OIL!
GET BACK IN THE CORNER, QUICK!
POOF!
WE'LL EITHER BE FRIED TO A FRAZZLE OR BLOWN T' BITS ONCE TH' FLAMES REACH THEM EXPLOSIVES!
WE'VE GOT TO RISK RUNNING THROUGH THAT FLAME! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE OF ESCAPE!
EXPLO
EXPLOS
EXPL
YEOW! THIS IS A GOOD WAY T' LEARN TH' JIG!
GET TO THE LADDER, HURRY!
IT'S GONE! THOSE POLECATS PULLED IT DOWN!
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OFF THIS LEDGE!

HOPALONG CASSIDY
BILL BOYD
ESCAPING FROM THE CLIFF DWELLING WHEN THE COLLAPSING RUBBLE FORMS AN ESCAPE ROUTE, HOPPY, CALIFORNIA AND LUCKY GUIDE FELIPE TOWARD HIS FATHER'S HACIENDA, UNAWARE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN SPOTTED BY SLOAT AND HIS HENCHMEN.
YOU'RE SURE YOU SAW DON RAMON'S SON BEIN' CARTED OFF BY TH' THREE STRANGERS?
THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF, THEY LIT OUT WITH TH' POOR BOY SOON'S THEY SAW US WATCHIN' 'EM./
WE'LL ROUND UP A POSSE/I'M DEPUTIZIN' YOU GENTS T'POINT OUT TH' KIDNAPPERS' TRAIL./
MOUNT UP, EVERYBODY/I NEED A POSSE PRONTO!
YOU CAN RELAX NOW, FELIPE. WE SHOULD BE IN SIGHT OF TH' HACIEN.....
WAIT/ HOOFBEATS COMING THEE'S WAY, SEÑORES/
THEY'RE BEHIND US/ SLOAT'S MEN/ HANGED IF HE HASN'T BROUGHT A WHOLE GANG T'RUN US DOWN/
THEY'LL HAVE TO CATCH US FIRST/ SPLIT OUT!
AIM THEM, SHERIFF! GUN 'EM DOWN!
NO GUNPLAY, SLOAT/ WE MIGHT HIT FELIPE/
THEY'RE GAININ' ON US, HOPPY/
WE'RE SPLITTING UP/ YOU AND LUCKY LEAD 'EM ASTRAY, I'LL TRY AND GET FELIPE OUT OF THIS./
THEY'LL BE DOUBLING BACK, ONCE THEY DISCOVER WE'VE TRICKED 'EM/ LET'S CLEAR OUT/
WE'RE IN LUCK/ WE'LL BE SAFE TILL NIGHT, BEHIND THAT WALL/

HOPALONG CASSIDY
by DAN SPIEGLE
WE DIDN'T K'DNAP DON FELIPE / TURN US LOOSE /
YUH CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS /
WE'RE DOIN' IT AIN'T WE? CAUGHT YOU ESCAPIN TH LAW / THAT'S GUILT ENOUGH FER US /
WAIT TILL HOPALONG CASSIDY HEARS O THIS /
HE WILL SOON / RECKON AS HOW SHERIFF MEGUS AN TH POSSE HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM ABOUT NOW /
YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF, CASSIDY. SEEIN TH LAW CLOSIN IN YOU BEAT US HERE TO DON RAMON'S WITH A TW STED YARN OF HOW YOU SAVED YOUNG FELIPE FROM K'DNAPPERS.
GRACIAS SHERIFF FOR ARRESTING THEES ... THEES FRAUD /
YOU CAN THANK SLOAT, HERE, FOR WARNIN ME IN TIME TH TOWN JAIL WON'T SEEM SO LONESOME NOW WITH CASSIDY AN HIS PARDS AS GUESTS
LET'S GET STARTED SHERIFF
I'D LAY ODDS THAT CASSIDY AN THOSE TWO CALOOTS ARE BEHIND ALL TH RECENT RAIDS ON DON RAMON'S HACIENDA
IF SO YOU'VE DONE RIO VISTA A BIG FAVOR SLOAT
1951-03-25
OUR JOB'S DONE GUESS WE'LL BE MOSEYIN SHERIFF /
DON'T MISS THE FAR TH[illegible] OUR TESTIMONY HELPS CASSIDY'S CASE LOVES TO TRIAL.
TELLING HIS MEN TO HEAD FOR THE LINE SHACK, SLOAT CIRCLES THE SHERIFF'S PARTY AND SLIPS INTO RIO VISTA.
DISMOUNTING IN THE SHADOWS OF AN ALLEY, HE CAUTIOUSLY SLIPS INTO THE LOCAL TAX OFFICE.
ANY NEWS?
TH SHERIFF'S HOLDIN THREE STRANGERS FOR TRIAL OF K'DNAPPIN DON FELIPE MADERA
I'D HATE TO BE THEIR BOOTS IF AN UNRULY MOB DECIDED NOT TO WAIT FOR A TRIAL.
YEAH / THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKIN /
3-25

HOPALONG CASSIDY
WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE? THE LAW IS LOOKING FOR YOU.
NO, WAS A LYNCH MOB, BUT WE'RE STILL AROUND.
DON'T MIND US/GO RIGHT AHEAD WITH YOUR AUCTION.
ONLY TWO OF THOSE GENTS SHOWED UP SLOAT/WHERE'S TH' THIRD ONE? I THINK THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING./
CAN'T TELL YET, BUT KEEP YOUR EYE ON 'EM./
FOLKS, AS TAX ASSESSOR, I'M AUTHORIZED BY LAW TO PLACE THIS PROPERTY ON SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION. I ADMIT IT HASN'T MUCH IN ITS FAVOR, BUT WHO'D CARE TO OPEN THE BIDDING?
NOT ME./ THIS SPREAD'S JINXED!
Y' CAN'T RAISE CROPS OR CATTLE ON THIS PARCHED GRAZIN' LAND./
WELL, JUST TO KEEP THIS SHOW INTERESTING, I'LL RISK A THOUSAND DOLLARS./
THERE'S A SPORTING GENTLEMAN./ DO I HEAR MORE?
FIFTEEN HUNDRED!
THIS IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR, ACCEPTING THE BID OF A FUGITIVE./ ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN COVER IT?
THAT'S MY PROBLEM. YOUR JOB IS TO RUN THIS AUCTION.
CASSIDY COULD RUIN OUR GAME./
I'M BIDDIN' TWO THOUSAND!
THREE THOUSAND!
NIX, HOPPY/ WE'RE GETTIN' IN TOO DEEP/ WHAT IF THEY CALL YOUR BLUFF?
WE'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT/ SLOAT ISN'T BIDDING ON "WORTHLESS" LAND FOR NOTHING./
WHAT'S DELAYIN' LUCKY? IF HE'D ONLY SHOW UP WITH THAT CASH./
MEANWHILE, IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN RIO VISTA,
I CAN'T HELP IT IF YOUR BANK DRAFT ORDER FROM BUCKSKIN AIN'T HERE YET. RELAX, SON. THOSE THINGS TAKE TIME.
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HOPALONG CASSIDY
"I CANNOT SEE, FATHER, BUT THERE ARE OTHERS HERE."
SI. THE ONE THEY CALL "LUCKY" HAS RETURNED WEETH MONEY. WHAT SEÑOR CASSIDY AND HIS BANDIDOS COULD NOT STEAL, THEY BUY. WE NO LONGER OWN THE MADERA HACIENDA, MY SON.
FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS FROM ME, DON RAMON, UNTIL WE LEARN WHO WANTS THIS PROPERTY, AND WHY. AFTER THAT, THE ESTATE IS YOURS.
HOW CAN THEES BE? YOU HOLD A LEGAL BILL OF SALE.
SUPPOSE YOU HOLD IT.
YOU SEE, FATHER? WE HAVE NOT LOST THE MADERA HACIENDA. SEÑOR CASSIDY AND HIS AMIGOS ARE NOT THE BANDIDOS WHO ATTACK US.
I AM GUILTY OF AN INJUSTICE. HOW CAN I MAKE AMENDS, SEÑORES?
BY HIDING THAT HUNK OF PAPER IN A SAFE PLACE.
I WEEL PLACE THE BILL OF SALE WEETH THE ORIGINAL SPANISH LAND GRANT TITLE IN THEES SAFE.
HOLD IT.
IT'S SLOAT. NAB HIM!
THERE HE GOES!
HOLD IT, MEN.
CHICO... STAY HERE WITH FELIPE. THE REST OF US WILL TAKE TO OUR HORSES. SLOAT'S GOING TO LEAD US TO HIS BOSS.
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HOPALONG CASSIDY
NO SIGN O' SLOAT ANYWHERE,/ TH' CRITTER MUSTA KNOWED WE WERE TAKIN' HIM AN' GAVE US TH' SLIP./
I HOPE THAT'S THE ANSWER,/ I'D HATE TO THINK HE WAS DELIBERATELY DRAWING US AWAY FROM THAT HACIENDA FOR SOME REASON./
EVERYTHING LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH.
SI, BUT FELIPE AND CHICO WILL BE RELIEVED TO SEE US JUST THE SAME.
CHICO'S BEEN SLUGGED!/
HOW COULD EET HAVE HAPPEN? I MUS FIND FELIPE./
I HEAR A STRANGE NOISE, WHEN I COME OUTSIDE TO FIND EET...THE ROOF FALL ON ME./
FELIPE EES GONE!/
THEN SLOAT'S ESCAPE WAS AN ORNERY TRICK T' LURE US AWAY SO SOMEBODY COULD GRAB THAT BOY./
THEY CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR./ MOUNT UP./ WE'RE SEARCHING THE COUNTRYSIDE./
MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES AWAY....
WE SURE PULLED A SLICK JOB,/ NOBODY'LL EVER THINK O'LOOKIN' FER TH' KID AT AN ABANDONED STONE QUARRY.
CLIMB DOWN, FELIPE. THIS'LL BE YOUR NEW HOME FER A SPELL, TILL YOU DECIDE T'TELL US WHERE THAT MADERA SPANISH LAND GRANT IS HIDDEN./
RELAX, BOYS. WE'LL WAIT TILL PEAVY GITS HERE.
YOU WEEL WAIT WEETH YOUR HANDS OP, I THEENK./
H-HEY./ WHAT IS THIS? I THOUGHT TH' KID WAS BLIND./
I WAS... UNTIL THE SUN BLINDNESS WE AR OFF./ NOW THAT YOU HAVE SHOWN ME YOUR HIDE-OUT, WE WEEL WAIT FOR THEES PEAVY, EH?
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HOPALONG CASSIDY
IT SEEMS I ARRIVED IN TIME TO SPOIL YOUR INTENTIONS AGAINST MY MEN. DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S DANGEROUS FOR YOUNG BOYS TO PLAY WITH GUNS?
I ONLY KNOW YOU ARE NOT MY FATHER'S FRIEND, SEÑOR VANE, / YOU ARE THE HEAD OF THOSE BANDITS... THE ONE THEY CALL PEAVY.
YOU ALSO KNOW WHERE YOUR FATHER KEEPS THE LAND GRANT TO HIS PROPERTY, WHILE WE ARE WAITING FOR SLOAT AND HIS COMPANIONS TO RETURN, YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHERE IT IS.
NO, SEÑOR. THEES WAY YOU ARE FORCED TO KEEP ME ALIVE.
AM I? TAKE A LOOK DOWN THERE. AN "ACCIDENTAL" FALL FROM THIS HEIGHT WOULD CURE YOUR STUBBORNESS.... FOREVER. I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES TO THINK IT OVER.
MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE ON THE MADERA PROPERTY...
YOU SAY THEES STUFF EES OIL, SEÑOR CASSIDY? SO THAT EES WHY THE RAIDERS WANT MY PROPERTY.
SOMEBODY SMARTER THAN THOSE RAIDERS IS BEHIND THIS, DON RAMON. THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MUCH OIL IS HERE. THE BIG JOB IS TO PROTECT IT.
IT'S AN AMBUSH!
GIT TO TH' HOSSES!
EET EES TOO LATE, SEÑORES. THEY HAVE US OUT OFF FROM THREE SIDES.
RETREAT TO COVER THROUGH THE OIL POCKET. IT'S OUR ONLY ESCAPE ROUTE LEFT.
I'M SINKIN'!
SO'M I. THIS SLIMY OOZE IS DRAWIN' ME UNDER.
THAT'S GOT 'EM. THAT OIL POOL WILL SWALLOW 'EM UP...WITHOUT A TRACE. LET'S GET BACK T' THE BOSS.
AND, AS SLOAT AND HIS HENCHMEN GALLOP TRIUMPHANTLY AWAY, THEIR VICTIMS SINK SLOWLY INTO THE BOTTOMLESS OOZE.....
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HOPALONG CASSIDY
THAT YOU, SLOAT?
NOT THIS TIME, MISTER PRENTICE VANE..... ALIAS PEAVY!
G-CASSIDY!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE...
DEAD? SLOAT AND HIS BOYS DID THEIR BEST, BUT LUCKILY THE SHERIFF SHOWED UP IN TIME TO PULL US OUT OF THE OIL BOG.
AS FER YER PAID KILLERS, THEY'RE RUNNIN' LIKE SCARED RABBITS WITH TH' POSSE BREATHIN' DOWN THEIR NECKS!
MY PAID KILLERS? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU UNDERSTOOD A RICH OIL VEIN WHEN YOU SAW IT. YOU FOUND YOU COULDN'T STEAL THE CLAIM, SO YOU DECIDED TO USE DON FELIPE TO FORCE THE ISSUE—BUT NOW THE GAME'S OVER.
WE'VE COME FOR TH' BOY!
YOU WIN, GENTLEMEN. YOU WILL FIND HIM IN THAT VAULT.
OPEN IT. COVER HIM, LUCKY.
KINDA DARK IN HERE. I DON'T SEE FELIPE.
THERE, IN THE CORNER.
STOP HIM! VANE'S GETTING AWAY!
THIS SHOULD KEEP YOU OUT OF MY WAY..... PERMANENTLY!
FORTUNATELY, I'VE HELD OUT ENOUGH TAX RECEIPTS TO GET ME OUT OF THE COUNTRY!
AND NOW, THE FAREWELL TOUCH!
TAX OFFICE
NOW TO HEAD FOR THE OLD QUARRY WORKS AND SILENCE DON FELIPE, THE LAST LIVING WITNESS AGAINST ME!
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HOPALONG CASSIDY
ONLY YOU AND I ARE LEFT NOW, FELIPE. UNFORTUNATELY, YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT ME, BUT WE'LL SOON FIX THAT. BACK UP.
SEÑOR VANE, YOU CANNOT MEAN TO ACTUALLY KILL ME!
OF COURSE HE DOESN'T, PEACH, VANE!
CASSIDY!
THOUGHT YOU HAD US TRAPPED IN THAT TAX OFFICE FIRE, DIDN'T YOU? GUESS YOU NEVER FIGGERED THAT DOORS CAN BE BLASTED OPEN.
AND THAT CARRIAGE WHEELS LEAVE TRACKS.
WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES, GENTS, BUT DON'T YOU MAKE ONE NOW OR FELIPE GETS HURT.
NOW TO RELEASE THIS SNAKE AND...
THE RUSTED CABLE...SHE EES TEARING LOOSE.
HOPPY! VANE! HANG ON.!!
GOOD THING YOU GRABBED THAT CABLE, HOPPY. I GUESS THE BOOK IS CLOSED ON PRENTIS VANE AN' HIS SCHEME T'STEAL TH' OIL-RICH MADERA PROPERTY.
AND NOW WE CAN COMPLETE A JOB WE STARTED OUT TO DO A LONG TIME AGO. WE'RE RETURNING FELIPE TO HIS FATHER UNHARMED.

HOPALONG CASSIDY
THE PLAYER HAVE BEEN ANSWERED, DON FELIPE HAS RETURN.
CAN EET REALLY BE MY SON, ALIVE AND WELL?
SI, THE SHERIFF FIND ME AT THE OLD QUARRY WORKS WHERE SENOR CASSIDY AND HEES AMIGOS RESCUED ME FROM PHENTIS VANE.
BUT WHERE EES SENOR CASSIDY AND HEES AMIGOS?
CHASIN' SLOAT, TH' MAVERICK MADE A GETAWAY, BUT BY NOW CASSIDY AN' HIS PARDS MAY BE BREATHIN' DOWN HIS NECK.
MEANWHILE, MANY MILES TO THE EAST.....
LOOKS LIKE SLOAT OUTSMARTED HIMSELF BY RIDIN' INTO THIS
HE'S PROBABLY HIDING SOMEWHERE OFF ONE OF THESE PASSAGES.
THERE HE IS.
OW-W-W
YI-WINGED 'IM, HOPPY.
THAT SLOWED HIM DOWN. LET'S CLOSE IN.
JUST THEN, LEVELED GUNS SHOW THEMSELVES FROM BEHIND THE SHELTERING ROCKS.....
IT'S AN AMBUSH.
LET'S CLEAR OUT O HERE.
DEAD END.
QUICK... THROUGH HERE.
I'M ALL TURNED AROUND. THIS AIN'T TH'WAY WE CAME IN.
DON'T TELL ME WE'RE... WE'RE LOST.
WHOEVER YOU ARE, THANKS FER DRIVIN' OFF THAT BUNCH.
THEY WON'T TROUBLE YOU ANY MORE, STRANGER. THEY'LL WANDER THRO H THAT MAZE 'TILL THEY DIE O' EXHAUSTION, LIKE OTHERS BEFORE 'EM. MEANWHILE YOU'LE COMIN' WITH US.
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HOPALONG CASSIDY
By DAN SPIEGLE
WE'RE SURE LUCKY TOPPER'S NEIGHIN' HELPED US FIND OUR WAY OUT O' THAT ROCK MAZE.
I'D GIVE A LOT TO KNOW HOW SLOAT FOUND HIS WAY OUT.
HIS MOUNT'S HOOF-PRINTS WITH THE DENTED SHOE, ARE STILL WITH US...HEADED STRAIGHT TOWARD BUCKSKIN.
DOC WILEY.✓ THAT'S TH' FELLER THOSE GENTS OVER AT TH' ROCK MAZE TOLD ME T'SEE. SOMETHIN' FISHY 'BOUT THIS, BUT I'M JUS' CURIOUS 'NOUGH T'FOLLOW ORDERS. 'SIDES..... GOTTA GET THIS WING PATCHED UP.
BANK
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, STRANGER?
I HAD A LITTLE SHOOTIN' ACCIDENT OUT AT TH' ROCK MAZE.... BRAND SENT ME.
YOU'RE FORTUNATE. BRAND DOESN'T APPROVE OF EVERYBODY. FIRST WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE ARM. AFTER THAT, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, MAYBE I CAN PUT YOU NEXT TO SOME EASY SPENDING MONEY.
YOU CAN DO BETTER'N THAT, DOC.
WHY, YOU TWO-BIT TINHORN.✓ WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
I DON'T SAVVY WHAT KIND O' GAME YOU'RE RUNNIN' HERE, BUT S'POSE YOU CUT ME IN ON IT....FIFTY FIFTY?
DON'T REMEMBER ME, EH? YOU WERE CALLIN' YOURSELF "DOCTOR WORTH" WHEN THEY RAN YOU OUTTA ST. JO. THEN THERE WAS THAT PHONY MAIL ORDER PRESCRIPTION RACKET YOU WORKED IN DENVER.....
SLOAT!
BUCKSKIN BANK
I....I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU WITHOUT THE CHIN WHISKERS.✓
YOU SEEM TO HAVE LATCHED ONTO SOME EASY PICKIN'S. I WOULDN'T WANT T'RUIN IT. ARE WE AGREED ON A PARTNERSHIP?
SURE, SLOAT.... SURE.✓ I...ER... ONLY HOPE YOU WEREN'T TAILED.✓
DON'T WORRY. A GALOOT NAMED HOPALONG CASSIDY AN' TWO O' HIS PARDS TRIED THAT, BUT BRAND AN' HIS BOYS TOOK CARE OF 'EM.✓
BANK
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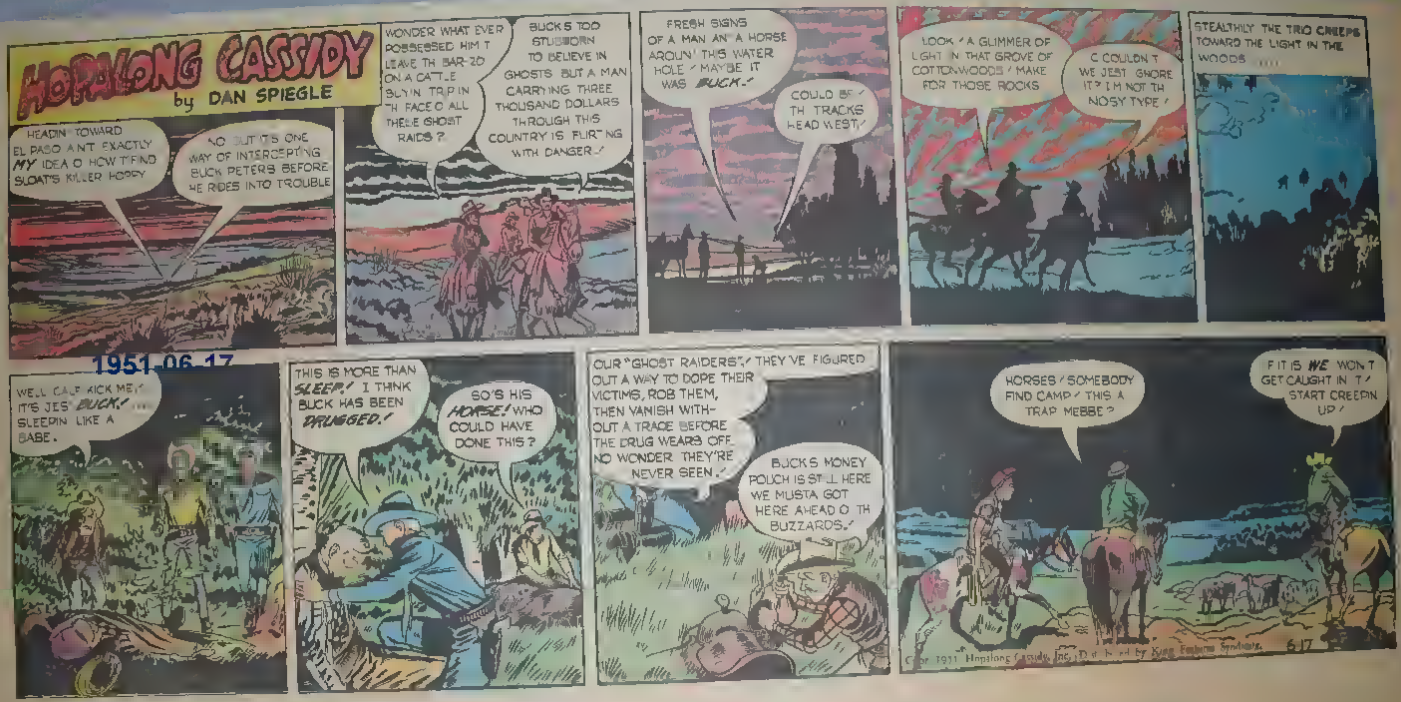
HOPALONG CASSIDY
by DAN SPIEGLE
HEADIN' TOWARD EL PASO AIN'T EXACTLY MY IDEA O HOW TO FIND SLOAT'S KILLER HOSS
NO, BUT IT'S ONE WAY OF INTERCEPTING BUCK PETERS BEFORE HE RIDES INTO TROUBLE
1951 06 17
I WONDER WHAT EVER POSSESSED HIM T LEAVE TH BAR-20 ON A CATTLE SUYIN TRIP IN TH FACE O ALL THESE GHOST RAIDS?
BUCK'S TOO STUBBORN TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS BUT A MAN CARRYING THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS THROUGH THIS COUNTRY IS FURTHING WITH DANGER
FRESH SIGNS OF A MAN AN' A HORSE AROUN' THIS WATER HOLE - MAYBE IT WAS BUCK!
COULD BE - TH TRACKS HEAD WEST
LOOK - A GLIMMER OF LIGHT IN THAT GROVE OF COTTONWOODS - MAKE FOR THOSE ROCKS
C'OULDN'T WE JEST SNORE IT? I'M NOT TH NOSY TYPE
STEALTHILY THE TRIO CREEPS TOWARD THE LIGHT IN THE WOODS
WE'LL CALF KICK ME! IT'S JES' BUCK! SLEEPIN LIKE A BABE.
THIS IS MORE THAN SLEEP! I THINK BUCK HAS BEEN DRUGGED!
SO'S HIS HORSE! WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS?
OUR "GHOST RAIDERS" THEY'VE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO DOPE THEIR VICTIMS, ROB THEM, THEN VANISH WITHOUT A TRACE BEFORE THE DRUG WEARS OFF. NO WONDER THEY'RE NEVER SEEN
BUCK'S MONEY POUCH IS STILL HERE WE MUSTA GOT HERE AHEAD O TH BUZZARDS
HORSES - SOMEBODY FIND CAMP - THIS A TRAP MEBBE?
IF IT IS WE WON'T GET CAUGHT IN IT - START CREEPIN UP!
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6-17

HOPALONG CASSIDY
by DAN SPIEGLE
WE'D STILL BE IN THAT BEAR PIT IF WE HADN'T ROPED ONE OF THOSE GRIZZLIES AND ANGERED HIM INTO TEARING OUT THAT BARRIER!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE RUN UP AGAINST ANOTHER BARRIER. WHAT'S A LOG WALL DOING IN THIS WILDERNESS?
I'VE HEARD THERE WAS ONCE A MILITARY POST IN THIS AREA. THIS COULD BE IT.
WE'D BETTER FIND THE WAY IN BEFORE THOSE BEARS FIND US!
MOUNTAIN MEN! LIE DOGGO!
GRIZZLIES! THEY MUST A BROKE OUT O' TH' "D.T."
AFTER 'EM!
1951-09-02
NOW'S OUR CHANCE, KEN! THEY'VE LEFT THE MAIN ENTRANCE UNGUARDED!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE TOOK OVER THIS ABANDONED ARMY STOCKADE!
LOOK WHO'S COMING!
ONE OF THOSE TWO IS OUR RECENT PRISONER! WE'D BETTER HIDE... QUICK!
THET HOLIN' O' YOURN IS RIGHT DANGEROUS WHEN HE ACTS UP LIKE THET, BLACK JOHN!
DANGEROUS... AN' SMART. FANG'S GOT WIND O' SOMETHIN UNDER THOSE PELTS!

THAT SQUARES MY ACCOUNT WITH CASSIDY.
IT DON'T SQUARE OUR ACCOUNT WITH THIT TELEGRAPH CRISWOD 'T DON'T SEAVY WHY YUH GAVE 'EM PERMISSION 'T' RUN THE'R LINE ACROSS OUR LAND.
NEITHER WILL THEY TOO LATE, 'TH' CUT CANNON THAT WAS LEFT AT THE STOCKADE WHEN TH' ARMY PULLED OUT, COMMANDS TH' NORTH PASS, TH' TELEGRAPH OUTF T WILL NATURALLY COME THROUGH IT WITH THEIR LINE.
TILL ITS
ONCE THEY GIT WITHIN RANGE, WE'LL KN BLAST 'EM OUT O' BUSINESS
YOU LEARN FAST, GLINT-EYE.

HOWDY GENTLEMEN. WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU BAD-MOUTHS BRINGING INTO TROUBLE WITH LEAD?
IT'S THE ROAD AGENTS WHO HAD THE TROUBLE, BUT WE SAVED OUR CATTLE MONEY.
YOU'LL FIND IT'S ALL HERE, PESTO MARTEZ. ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD
FOR DEPOSIT TO THE BAR-20'S ACCOUNT.
JUST A MOMENT, CASSIDY.
AHH... I SUSPECTED THIS. I PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR A SHOCK, GENTLEMEN./
SHOCK?
WHAT'S WRONG? THERE'S NOTHING ALL THERE!

ADRIANNE CASSIDY

GREAT JEHOVAH! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
SMUGGLED RIFLES... PROVE RESISTANCE... MORE IRON CHAINS... PLUGGED...
TH' MARSHAL AN' CASSIDY'S PAPERS... CHASED ME... BUT... GAVE 'EM TH' SLIP...
YOU MEAN, YOU STUPIDLY LET THEM HERE?
MOOSE, YOU AND THE BOYS SLIP OUTSIDE... KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR VISITORS AN' YOUR GUNS READY FOR TROUBLE... WE CAN EXPECT BOTH!

DON'T SHOOT, FREDERICK! IT'S MURDER!
THE LAW WILL CALL IT SELF-DEFENSE. YOU'RE A WANTED MAN, BLACK JOHN.
YOU DOUBLE-DEALIN' WEASELS! NOW THAT TH' OTHERS ARE OUT O' THE WAY, YOU MEAN TO FIX THINGS SO THAT CLAIM YOU AN' KIRBY CAN SPLIT IN TWAIN.
NOT EXACTLY. IN THIS GAME IT'S WINNER TAKE ALL.
YOU SEE, IT HAPPENS TO BE KIRBY!

WE'RE NO MATCH FOR THE REDSKINS LURKING IN THESE HILLS. OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO HOLE UP AT THAT RELAY STATION TILL THE DANGER'S PAST.
LOOKS LIKE THE WAR PARTY'S ALREADY BEEN HERE!
I'M AFRAID WE CAN EXPECT A SECOND VISIT.!
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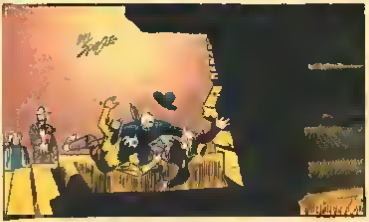
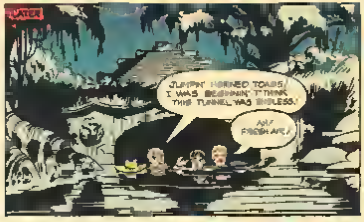
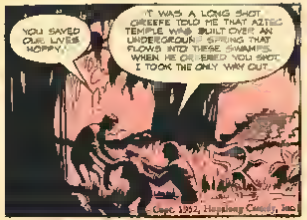
JUST MISSED THE BOAT!
HOPPY BOY! HE MAY HAVE MEBBE CORNERED BY NOW!
A CORNERED RAT CAN BE DANGEROUS...
THAT'S SO... WHAT'LL WE DO, MARSHAL?
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FOLLOW THAT BOAT ALONG THE RIVER TRAIL!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

by DAN SPIEGLE

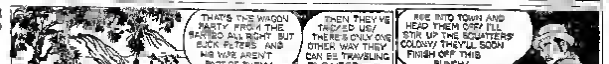






HOPALONG CASSIDY

HOPALONG CASSIDY
WHAT'LL WE DO FER A FOREMAN AFTER YOU AN' ROSE LEAVE TH' BAR-20 T' SETTLE DOWN IN WYOMIN', BUCK?
HOPPY'S TAKIN' OVER. WISH HE'D GET BACK FROM TH' POST OFFICE. GOTTA HAVE THAT DEED 'FORE I LEAVE FOR RIMFIRE.
MEANWHILE, AS A NORTHBOUND TRAIN PULLS OUT OF BUCKSKIN.....
SOMEBODY GOT AWAY WITH A LETTER ADDRESSED TO BUCK PETERS. THEY HEADED THIS WAY....DID ANY STRANGERS BOARD THAT TRAIN?
TWO OF 'EM BOUGHT TICKETS FOR RIMFIRE, WYOMING.
I'LL TOSS IT IN TH' STOVE. WHAT BUCK PETERS NEVER RECEIVES CAN'T HURT US.
NOW THAT WE OUTSMOKED THAT BAR-20 HAND, WE CAN GET RID O' THAT DEED.
I'LL TAKE THAT LETTER.
King Features Syndicate


THAT'S THE WAGON PARTY FROM THE SAWBO ALL RIGHT. BUT BUCK PETERS AND PAT YOU'RE ARSEN PART OF THEM!
THEN, THEY'VE TAKEN US! THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER WAY THEY CAN BE TRAVELING TO TYRA... BY TRAIN!
RIDE INTO TOWN AND HEAD THEM OFF! I'LL STIR UP THE SQUATTERS' COLONY! THEY'LL SOON FINISH OFF THIS BUNCH!

THERE'S A FOUR-MAN WAGON PARTY MOVIN' NORTH THROUGH RED BLUFF PASS! YOU BOYS KNOW WHAT TO DO!
SURE! 'TAINT THE FIRST TIME WE'VE DRYGULCHED A STRAT FAV LY
REckon THEY'RE PLUSH W'U TRAVELIN' MONEY A... TROUBLES HOW D' YOU MANAGE TKEEP LURIY? THE GIANTAINTS, SELDOM!
THAT'S MY BUSINESS!
YOURS IS TO WIPE 'EM OUT BEFORE THEY REACH INKA-TEE-TEE! YOU SOJA TERS K-OW WHAT'S HOA THY FOR YOU NOW GET BUSY!

THAT WASSIN PARTY SURE TRAPPED IT SELF BY HOLIN' UR IN THIS CAVE! WITH THE WIND IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION WE'LL EITHER SMOKE 'EM OUT OR SUFFOCATE 'EM!
INSIDE THE CAVE HIPPY AND HIS FRIENDS RETREAT FROM THE MENACING BILLOWS ROLLING TOWARD THEM.....
THE SHALLOW POCKET SELLS RAPIDLY THE DEADLY SMOKE ENGULFING THE VICTIMS IN IT'S HOT SEARING BREATH

MAYBE... I ONLY IMAGINE IT— BUT THE WIND APPEARS TO BE LIFTIN'!
MUST BE AN AIR CURRENT... DRAWIN' TH' STUFF OUT... THROUGH TH' OPENIN'..... IN THE ROOF!
IF I CAN TIGHTEN THIS ROPE AROUND ONE OF THOSE OUT- CROPPINGS, I'LL CLIMB UP THERE AND LOOK IN THAT OPENING. MAY BE A WAY BUT... YET!

SOMEBODY SWIPED OUR GUNS!
I SAW 'EM BITTIN' RIGHT THERE JUST A MOMENT AGO!
WHILE INSIDE THE CAVE
THIS SHOULD CUT DOWN THEIR FIRE POWER! LET'S GO!

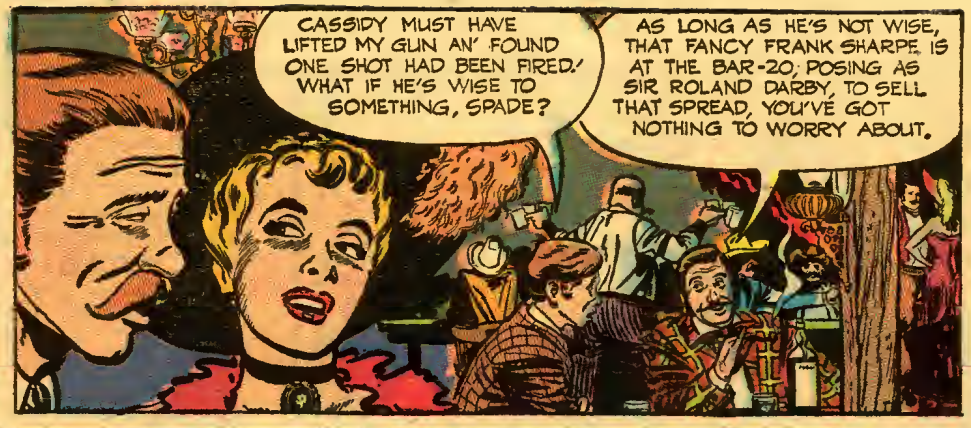
HOPPY CASSIDY

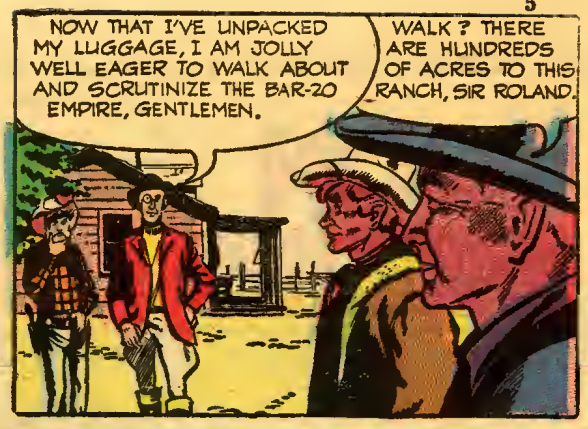
THEM DOGS WE TURNED LOOSE HAVE TREED SOMETHIN'! I CAN HEAR 'EM THRASHIN' ABOUT IN TH' BRUSH AHEAD!
IT'S CASSIDY! GUESS I'M!
BROUGHT TO EARTH BY THE LEAPING SNARLING DOGS, HOPPY DESPERATELY TRIES TO ROLL CLEAR.....

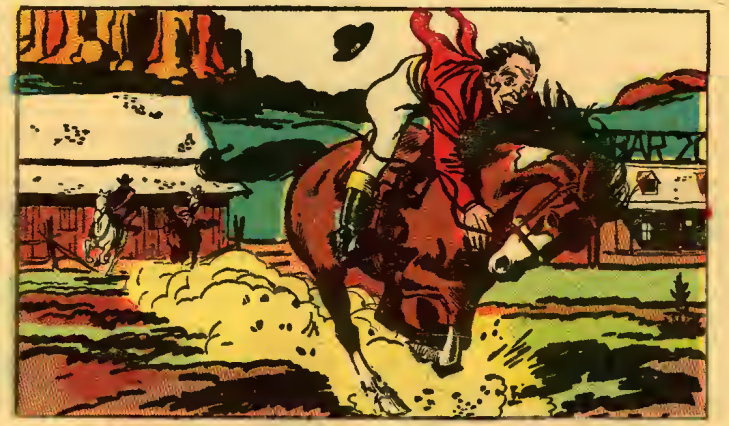
1952-07-27

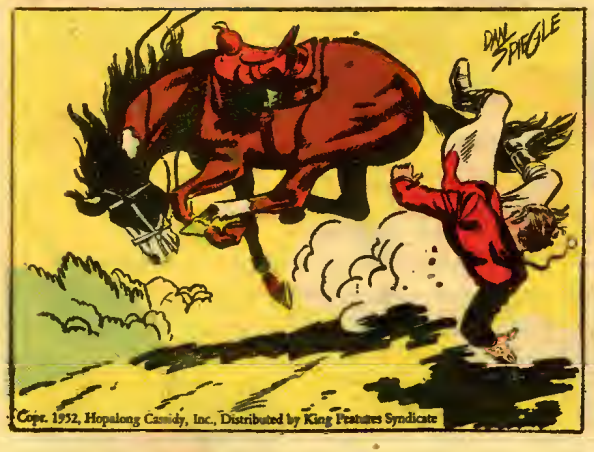
HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE









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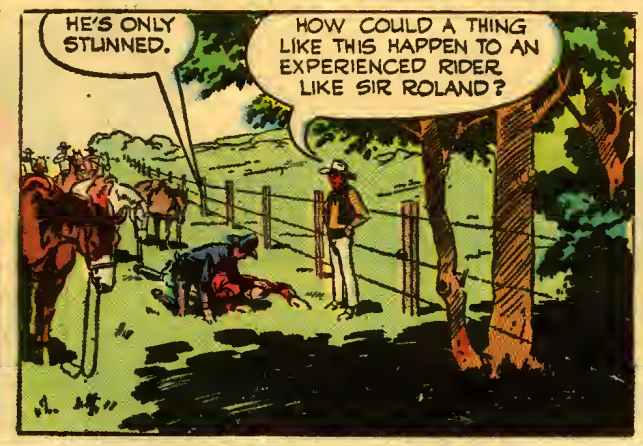

7-27

HOPALONG CASSIDY
by DAN SPIEGLE
WHERE'S CASSIDY?
N. C. RANNIGE, CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF CHIP LOCKE, THE BANKER'S SON, UNFORTUNATELY, HIS PARD CALIFORN A GOT AWAY.
WELL, ME AN' THE BOYS JUST SPOTTED HIS PARD CUTTIN' ACROSS BAR 20 LAND WITH DOC SMALEY IN TOW.
A DOCTOR, EH?
I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY CASSIDY REMOVED THAT BODY. THE KID MUST HAVE JUST BEEN WINGED, SO HE HID HIM OUT SOMEWHERE THEN HEADED INTO TOWN TO FETCH A DOC.
IF THAT KID PULLS THROUGH, HE'LL STILL ENOUGH TO SEE US ALL SWING.
RAINWIG! WAIT FOR ME IN MY OFFICE. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
EVENING, SHERIFF. WAS OUR FRIEND CASSIDY DECIDED TO TELL US WHERE HE TOOK POOR CHIP'S BODY?
NO AND I DON'T RECKON HE'S GOING TO.
MAYBE A FEW DAYS BEHIND BARS WILL LOOSEN HIS TONGUE.
LATER.
AN IMPRESSION OF THE CELL DOOR KEY.....ON A BAR OF SOAP. CASSIDY'S "FRIENDS" WILL SOON RELEASE HIM. HE'S GOING TO LEAD THE WAY TO THAT KID.
WHAT'S THAT?
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HOPALONG CASSIDY
by DAN SPIEGLE
IF YOU'RE THIRSTIN' FER EXCITEMENT, SIR ROLAND, HEADIN' FER A WILD AN' WOOLLY PLACE LIKE POWDERHORN IS ONE WAY O' QUENCHIN' IT.
I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN LOCATING MY COMPANY'S JUNIOR PARTNER, GREGORY VALE, AND THE FORTUNE THAT DISAPPEARED WITH HIM WHEN HE LEFT ENGLAND.
I NEEDED YOUR HELP IN FINDING HIM, THAT WAS MY REAL PURPOSE IN VISITING THE BAR-20
HE'S IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE, JUDGING FROM THIS CODED LETTER HE SENT YOU FROM POWDERHORN. ALL HE COULD TELL US IS TO LOOK FOR THE GHOST ON THE HILL".
RIGHT NOW, WE'D BETTER START LOOKIN' FER A CAMPSITE. IT'S GETTIN' LATE.... AH,! AN' WHAT COULD BE BETTER.....
LATER....
SPOTTED THREE CHARACTERS AIMIN' T'GET A LINE ON GREGORY VALE IN POWDERHORN, THEY'RE SETTIN' UP CAMP IN TH' HOLLOW.
RELAX, JEEP. WE'LL CHANGE THEIR PLANS AFTER THEY BED DOWN FOR TH' NIGHT.
UNDER THE CLOAK OF DARKNESS, TWO FIGURES CREEP UP ON THE SLEEPING CAMP.....
SLEEPIN' LIKE BABES. LET 'EM HAVE IT, FOWLER,!
NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN, SUPPOSE YOU START TALKING... ....FAST,!

DOING HE WHERE THAT ENGLISH DUDE AND HIS TWO FAITHFUL SIDEKICKS COULD HAVE GOT TO... POWERS! WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY HOUSE AND STORE FRONT ON THIS STREET, WITH NARY A TRACE OF 'EM!
I KNOW! CHIEF ACE, WE HAVEN'T SEEN CHEDI

HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE

HOPALONG CASSIDY

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HOPALONG CASSIDY **By DAN SPIEGLE**

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

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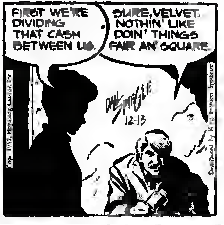
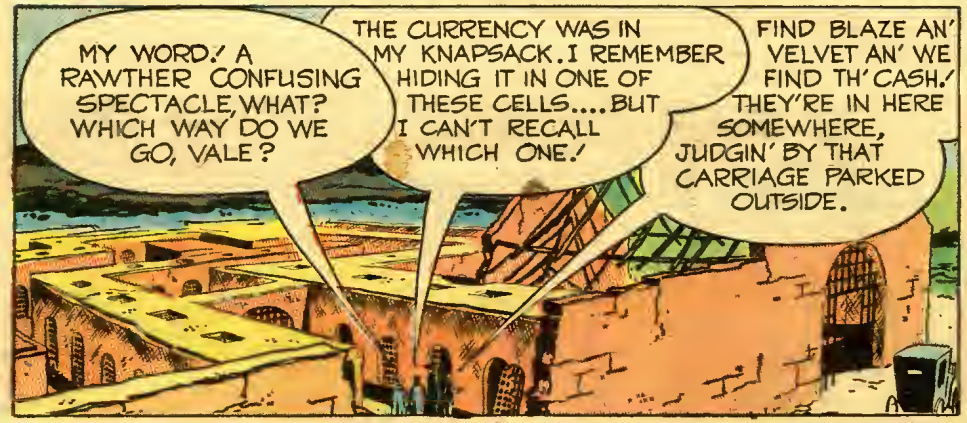
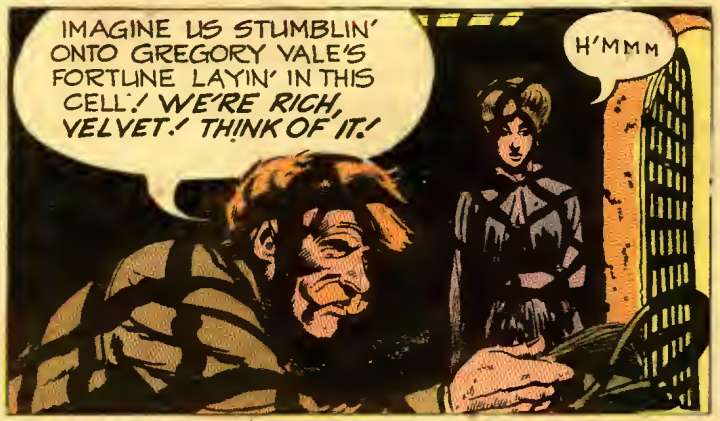


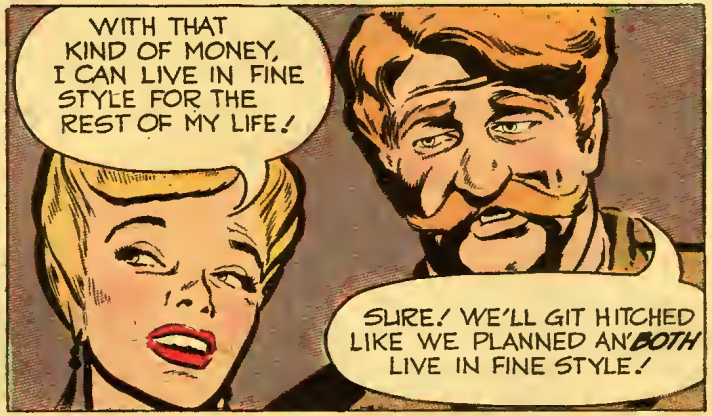
1952-12-14

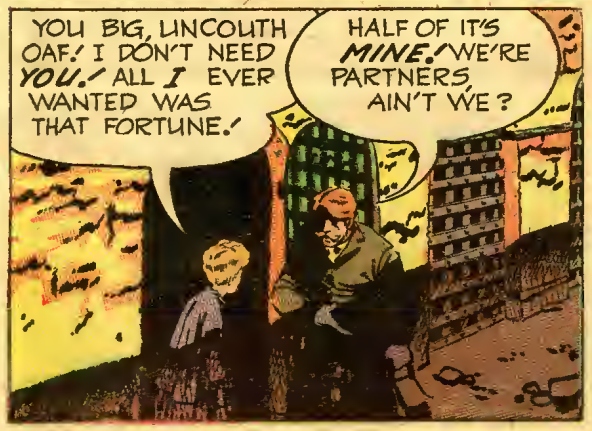
HOPALONG CASSIDY

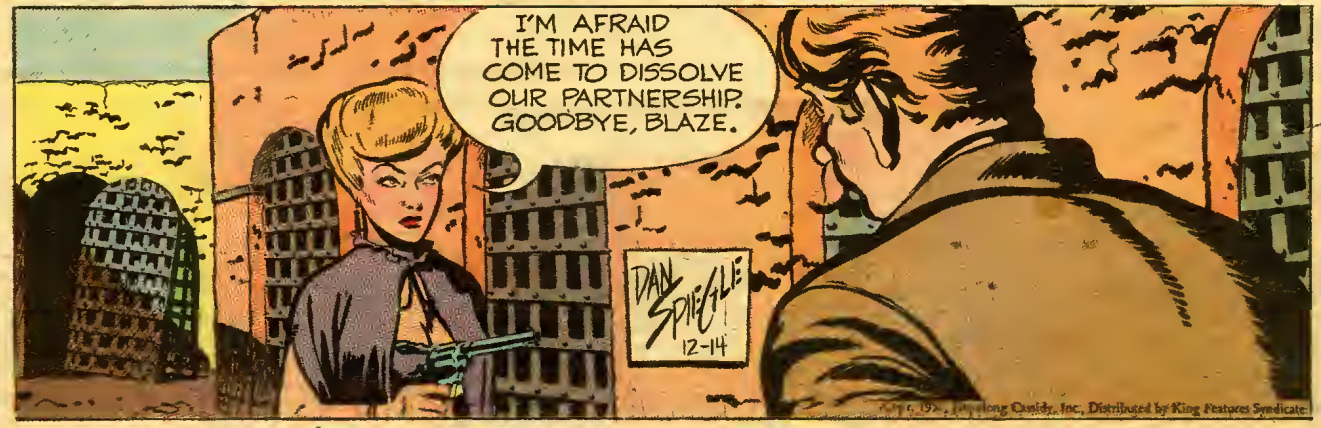
By DAN SPIEGLE











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HOPALONG CASSIDY By DAN SPIEGLE

HOPALONG CASSIDY
by DAN SPIEGLE
YOU CAN DROP THAT GUN, VELVET. WE HEARD YOU EMPTY IT AT BLAZE.
I....I HAD TO SHOOT HIM./ IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE./
WAS IT? HIS GUN'S STILL HOLSTERED. YOU NEVER GAVE HIM A CHANCE./ YOU WANTED VALE'S FORTUNE FOR YOURSELF./
I'LL THANK YOU TO HAND OVER THAT KNAPSACK.
TAKE IT./
THAT'S..... YER LAS' BLUNDER ....BABY.....
I MUST HAVE GOT TURNED ARCUND .... BLAZE./... ALIVE./
"DON'T SHOOT... I DIDN'T MEAN...
TOO LATE.... THEY SETTLED THE SCORE THEIR WAY.
12-21
NOW THAT VALE'S RECOVERED HIS FREEDOM AN' HIS FORTUNE, I VOTE THAT WE HEAD T' TH' BAR-20 FER SOME PEACE AN' QUIET./
MY DEAR CHAP, THERE'S NO SUCH THING IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD./ VALE AND I ARE RETURNING HOME TO ENGLAND..... WHILE WE'RE STILL ABLE./
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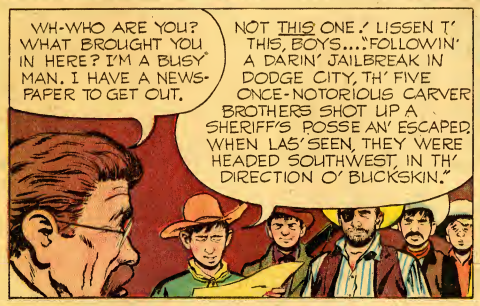
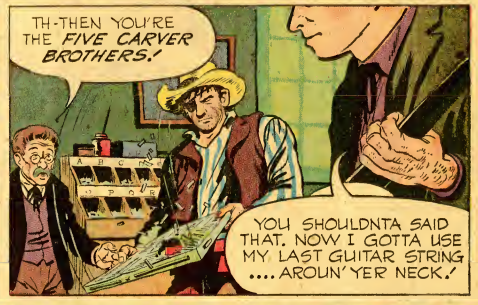
HOPALONG CASSIDY
By DAN SPIEGLE
YOU RE TOO LATE, MISTER CASSIDY,' A STRANGER WHO CLAIMED T' BE A NEW RANCH HAND PICKED UP THE BAREGO PAY ROLL ONLY A COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO...HE HAD YOUR SIGNED •BANK DRAFT AND I DIDN'T.....
THEN THERE'S STILL A CHANCE /
THOSE FIVE HORSES PROVE THEY'RE STILL IN TOWN / SPREAD OUT, CALIFORNIA, KEEP AN EYE ON THEIR MOUNTS
WH•WHO ARE YOU? WHAT BROUGHT YOU IN HERE? I'M A BUSY MAN...I HAVE A NEWSPAPER TO GET OUT!
NOT THIS ONE / LISSEN T' THIS, BOYS...'FOLLOWIN' A DARIN JAILBREAK IN DODGE CITY TH' FIVE ONCE NOTORIOUS CARVER BROTHERS SHOT UP A SHERIFF'S POSSE AN' ESCAPED WHEN LAS SEEN, THEY WERE HEADED SOUTHWEST, IN TH' DIRECTION O' BUCKSKIN.'
WE'LL FIX THAT PRONTO./
...THEN YOU RE THE FIVE CARVER BROTHERS./
YOU SHOULDN'TA SAID THAT NOW I GOTTA USE MY LAST GUITAR STRING .... AROUN' YER NECK./
THAT'S STRANGE. THE BLINDS'RE DRAWN IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE. POP WRIGHT'S NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE DURING BUSINESS HOURS.
MEBBE WE BETTER SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON.
BUCKSKIN NEWS
DAN SPIEGLE '54

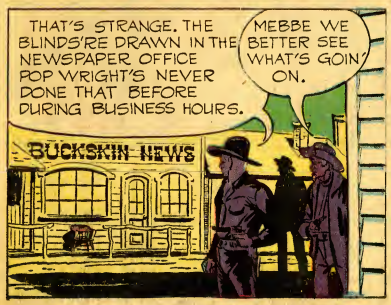
1953-01-04

HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE







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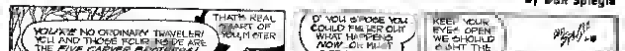

THE PHANTOM

by Don Sptegle

Hopalong Cassidy

By Dan Spiegle

WITH A RUMBLE A TIDAL WAVE OF SNOW GATHERS FORCE SWEEPING HOPPY AND MELODY WITH IT —

THEN IN ITS WAKE A DEATHLIKE STILLNESS SETTLES OVER THE VALLEY

HOPALONG CASSIDY
By DAN SPIEGLE
AS WE RODE CLOSE TO THE DAM WE HEARD THE SPUTTERING POWDER FUSE AND MANAGED TO SCRAMBLE CLEAR JUST AS THE LOG BARRIER BLEW UP IN OUR FACES!
ANY IDEA WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS?
I AM!
THESE MEN WERE TRESPASSING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY. I BOUGHT UP ALL THE WASTELAND INCLUDING THAT DAM, FROM HIGH RIDGE TO DESERT WELLS, AND I HAVE HERE A BILL OF SALE TO PROVE IT!
H'M ... THIS LOOKS LEGAL ENOUGH T' ME.
APPEARS T'ME, CASSIDY, THAT MISS ABIGAL FOGG CAN DO AS SHE PLEASES ON HER OWN PROPERTY ..... AND TH' LAW STANDS READY T' BACK HER UP!
THEN Y'BETTER START IN, SHERIFF!
MERCY! WHAT ARE THEY AFTER?
YOU!
THOSE MEN ARE RANCHERS THEY MUST HAVE LEARNED THAT YOU'VE FLOODED OUT THE ONLY CATTLE TRAIL AVAILABLE TO US BETWEEN HERE AND THE RAILROAD! AND THEY'RE PLUMB MAD ABOUT IT!
AND WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON, MISTER CASSIDY— THEIR SIDE OR THE LAW'S?

HOPALONG CASSIDY
MY PARD AND I DISCOVERED THE STEAM FROM THESE HOT SPRINGS ESCAPING THROUGH THE CAVE ROOF LOOKS LIKE WE FOUND OUR WAY INTO THE SHRINE OF ETERNAL FIRE JUST IN TIME TO STOP A KILLING! CUT THUNDER BIRD DOWN!
THE MEDICINE MAN STARTS TO COMPLY, THEN SUDDENLY HURLS HIS KNIFE STRAIGHT AT HOPPY!
RECOILING FROM THE HAWKING BLOW, THE
TUMBLES OVER A LOOSE STONE...
Copr 1953 Hopalong Cassidy Inc
THAT MEDICINE MAN'S FATE WAS MEANT FOR ME! I WAS A FOOL FOR THINKING YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HAD DESERTED ME, HOPPY!
WHAT'S ALL THAT STUFF, THUNDER BIRD?
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PLUNDER FROM THE COMANCHE RAIDS. MY RENEGADE TWIN COUSIN USED THIS SACRED SHRINE AS HIS STOREHOUSE.
THIS MUST BE HIS WAR BONNET AND REGALIA. PUT THEM ON!
BUT WHY?
UNLESS I'M WRONG, A VISITOR WILL SOON SHOW UP TO CLAIM THIS LOOT! YOU'VE GOT TO BE READY FOR HIM!

HOPALONG CASSIDY
by DAN SPIEGLE
WE SPOTTED ORMOND SNAGG, TH' INJUN AGENT, HEADED THIS WAY AN' FOLLERED HIS TRACKS. WHERE IS HE?
IN THE SACRED POOL OF ETERNAL FIRE, WHERE THE WHITE MAN'S LAW WILL NEVER REACH HIM.
SNAGG MISTOOK THUNDER BIRD FOR HIS TWIN COUSIN, WAR DRUM, AND SPILLED HOW HE AND WAR DRUM HAD GOADED THE INDIANS INTO PLUNDERING SETTLEMENTS AND WAGON TRAINS.....
....THEY STORED THEIR LOOT HERE. WHEN HE DISCOVERED HIS MISTAKE, SNAGG TRIED TO ESCAPE AND LOST HIS FOOTING.
WELL, WE HAVE WAR DRUM. HE'LL SOON BE ON HIS WAY TO THE FEDERAL PRISON AT FORT LEAVENWORTH.
YOU CAN THANK HOPALONG CASSIDY AND HIS BAR-20 HANDS FOR PULLING YOU OUT OF A BAD MESS, THUNDER BIRD.
MY PEOPLE WILL SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE BY FOLLOWING THE WAYS OF PEACE, ONCE I RETURN TO THEM AS THEIR TRUE CHIEF.
THEN MY MISSION IS FINISHED. WE'LL MOSEY INTO MESA WELLS TO CLEAN UP BEFORE HITTING THE TRAIL FOR HOME.
LATER, AT MESA WELLS
YOUR NAME CASSIDY?
YES.
GOT A TELEGRAM FER YUH.
THANKS.
IT'S FROM MARSHAL GATES IN BUCKSKIN. KIP CRAVEN'S WON A PAROLE IN THE EAST AND MAY COME GUNNING FOR ME.
KIP CRAVEN? THAT'S TH' OWLHOOT YOU SENT UP FIVE YEARS AGO FOR RUSTLIN' OUR STOCK! WHAT Y' GONNA DO 'BOUT IT, HOPPY?
HEAD FOR THE BAR-20 AND KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR TROUBLE!
Hop Spiegle 8-30
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HOPALONG CASSIDY By DAN SPIEGLE

HOPALONG CASSIDY
by DAN SPIEGLE
WE DIDN'T KIDNAP DON FELPE / TURN US LOOSE /
YUH CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS /
WE'RE DOIN' IT AIN'T WE? CAUGHT YOU ESCAPIN TH LAW / THAT'S GUILT ENOUGH FER US!
WAIT TILL HOPALONG CASSIDY HEARS O THIS /
HE WILL SOON / RECKON AS HOW SHERIFF MEGGS AN TH POSSE HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH H M ABOUT NOW /
YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF, CASSIDY, SEEIN' TH LAW CLOSIN IN YOU BEAT US HERE TO DON RAMON'S WITH A TWISTED YARN OF HOW YOU SAVED YOUNG FELIPE FROM KIDNAPERS
GRACIAS SHERIFF FOR ARRESTING THEES, ... THEES FRAUD /
YOU CAN THANK SLOAT, HERE FOR WARNIN ME IN TIME TH TOWN JAIL WON'T SEEM SO LONESOME NOW WITH CASSIDY AN HIS PARDS AS GUESTS
LET'S GET STARTED SHERIFF,
I'D LAY ODDS THAT CASSIDY AN THOSE TWO GALOOTS ARE BEHIND ALL TH RECENT RAIDS ON DON RAMON'S HACIENDA,
IF SO YOU'VE DONE RIO VISTA A BIG FAVOR SLOAT
1953-09-21
OUR JOBS DONE GUESS WE'LL BE MOSEYIN SHERIFF
TELLING HIS MEN TO HEAD FOR THE LINE SHACK, SLOAT CIRCLES THE SHERIFFS PARTY AND SLIPS INTO
D SMOUNTING IN THE SHADOWS OF AN A LEY, HE CAUTIOUSLY SLIPS INTO THE LOCAL TAX OFFICE.
ANY NEWS?
TH SHERIFF'S HOLDIN THREE STRANGERS FOR TRIAL OF KIDNAPPIN DON FELIPE MADDRA
I'D HAVE TO BE IN THEIR BOOTS IF AN UNRULY MOB DECIDED NOT TO WAIT FOR A TRIAL
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKIN /
8-25

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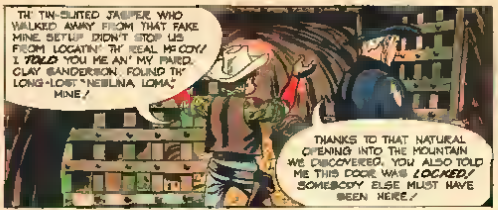
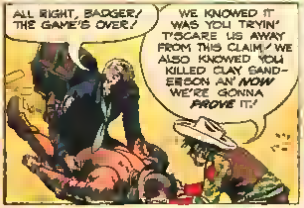
HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE





HOPALONG CASSIDY By DAN SPIEGLE

HOPALONG CASSIDY

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE

HOPALONG CASSIDY
WE TRIED TO GET THROUGH THAT JUNGLE, BUT TH' FIRE DROVE US BACK. WE FIGURED YOU WERE GONERS. HOW'D YOU ESCAPE?
BY SHEER LUCK...
"WE CAME UPON CLAY SANDERSON OUTSIDE AN OLD MINE ENTRANCE, WAITIN' T'GUN DOWN HOPALONG CASSIDY AN' SUNDOWN AS THEY WERE ESCAPIN' FROM TH' TUNNEL".....
..."FORE HE COULD FIRE, WE SHOT TH' GUN FROM HIS HAND. SANDERSON BOLTED AN' WE LIT OUT AFTER HIM A SECOND BEFORE TH' GAS IN THAT MINE BLEW FOG MOUNTAIN T'BITS"...
SOMEHOW WE GOT OUT O' TH' JUNGLE ALIVE, BUT I RECKON SANDERSON WASN'T SO LUCKY.
YER WRONG./ SANDERSON JUS' LEFT TOWN ABOARD THIS FELLER'S HOSS./ HE SAID CASSIDY DIED IN TH' FIRE AN' WOULD HAVE NO NEED FER IT.
WHY TH' LOW-DOWN, LYIN' COYOTE,/ WHICH WAY'D HE GO?
NORTH, TOWARD PRAIRIE CITY.
NOW WHAT WOULD HE BE HEADIN' THERE FOR?
NOBODY FOLLOWIN' ME./ I'LL SOON REACH TH' LAND RECORDER'S OFFICE IN PRAIRIE CITY, AND THE "NEBLINA LOMA" CLAIM WILL BE MINE!
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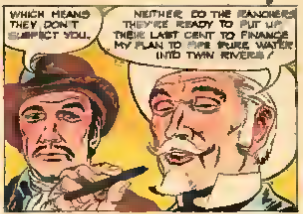
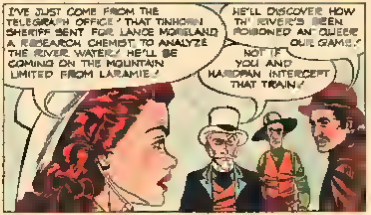
COLONEL FINLEY'S GOT THE WHOLE TOWN EAGER TO MORTGAGE ITS EYE TEETH TO PROMOTE HIS WATER PROJECT. IF HE'S PLAYING A SHADY GAME, WE'VE GOT TO EXPOSE HIM, BUCK!
I'M WITH YOU TO HOPPY!
I'M HIRING FOR LARGE HOPPALONG A LARGISH RESEARCH CHEMIST TO ANALYZE THAT RIVER. IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'LL GET AT THE TRUTH!
TENDERFOOT EATING
HOPPY CASSIDY

HOPALONG CASSIDY

by Dan Spiegle

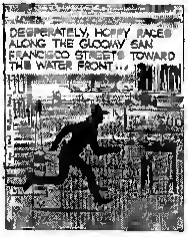


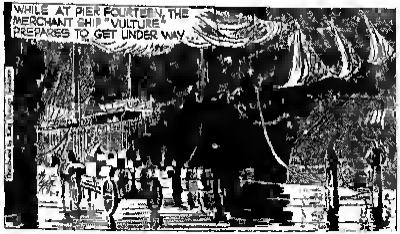


SAFELY ON THEIR WAY, OUT OF YOUR BEACH, RANKIN!
H-HOW'D WE GET HERE? WHERE'S TH' CATTLE?
THE HEAT CAUGHT UP WITH YOU. WE'RE PUSHING ON ALONE, HEADING FOR A SHORT CUT THROUGH SATAN'S GORGE
WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! L-LOOK! SAND STORM!
TOPPER CAN'T CARRY US BOTH THROUGH THIS! HANG ON! I'LL TRY TO LEAD US OUT OF IT SOMEHOW!
WHIPPED BY THE HOWLING WINDS AND STUNG BY THE INCESSANT LASH OF SAND, HOPPY DOGGEDLY GROPES HIS WAY ONWARD THROUGH MOUNTING DRIFTS, HOUR AFTER HOUR. FINALLY.....
WE'VE BEEN TRAVELING FOR MILES! THAT MEANS WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF ALL THIS!
SUDDENLY, HOPPY'S FOOT STRIKES AN OBJECT BURIED IN THE SAND.....
MY OWN HAT! LOST IT HOURS AGO! WE'VE BEEN TRAVELING IN A CIRCLE... RIGHT BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE

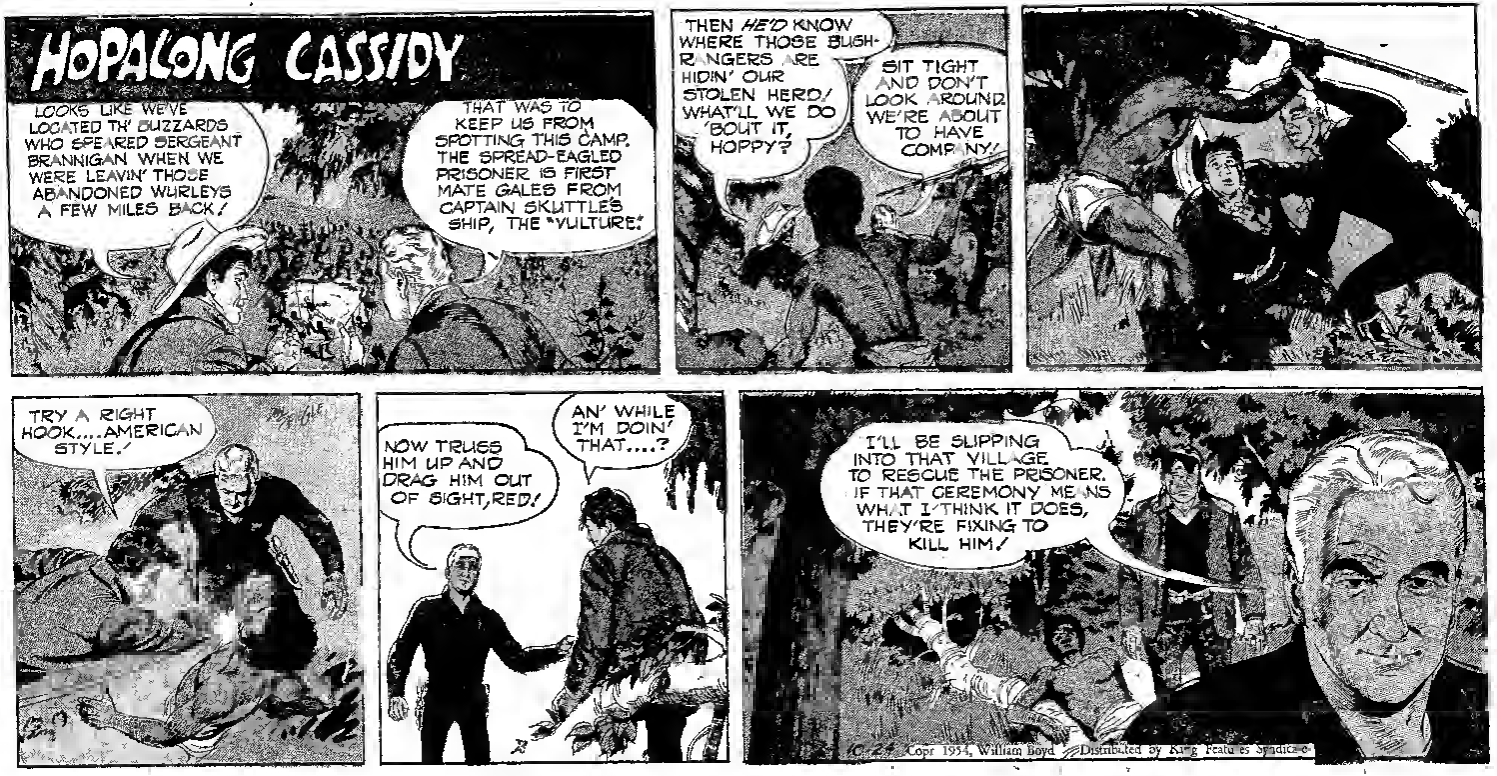




HOPALONG CASSIDY
SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES. IN THE DISTANCE, DOCK WORKERS AND SIGHTSEERS GATHER ON CIRCULAR QUAY AS THE TRADING SHIP SEAFARER GLIDES INTO THE HARBOR.....
I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN O' TH' "VULTURE," HOPPY!
SYDNEY'S A BIG PORT, RED. WE'LL CHECK WITH THE HARBOR MASTER.
NO SUCH SHIP REGISTERED AT THIS PORT.
HARBOR MASTER
BUT THERE'S GOT TO BE! CAPTAIN SKUTTLE SMUGGLED A CARGO OF STOLEN SADDLE HORSES HERE FROM THE STATES!
YOU'RE THE TWO PASSENGERS WHO JUST ARRIVED IN SYDNEY TOWN FROM AMERICA. MAY I SEE YOUR PAPERS?
WHAT PAPERS? ALL WE BROUGHT WAS OUR SADDLE HOSSES!
10-3
WE'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THEM. COME ALONG, LADS.
YOU MEAN YOU'RE TAKING US TO THE "VULTURE"?
WE'RE TAKING YOU TO THE DISTRICT POLICE BARRACKS. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ILLEGAL ENTRY!
Copr. 1954 William Boyd
Distributed by King Features Syndicate

HOPALONG CASSIDY
HOW FAR ARE WE FROM TH' DRAMBOOIE DISTRICT, SERGEANT?
TOO FAR/UNLESS WE ROUND UP THE BUNCH THAT STOLE YOUR HORSES, THEY'RE APT TO RAID EVERY SETTLEMENT FROM HERE TO BRISBANE/
SOMEWHERE NORTH OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, HOPPY, RED AND SERGEANT BRANNIGAN RIDE ALONG A DESERTED BUSH TRAIL.....
LATER, AT A REMOTE CATTLE STATION...
THERE WERE ABOUT A DOZEN IN THE PACK, RIDING FAST HORSES/ STOLE A DRAYLOAD OF HIDES WORTH £200 AND HEADED NORTH-EAST TOWARD NEWCASTLE/
THEY ROBBED MY PASSENGERS, OVERTURNED THE MAIL COACH AND FLED ACROSS GREYMEADOW MARSH/
HOURS LATER, WITH THE COMING OF DAWN...
BAIL UP/*
WHAT'S WRONG?
*HALT
ABANDONED WURLEYS*/ THOSE BUSHRANGERS NEVER CAME THIS FAR WITHOUT RIDING INTO TROUBLE. AN ABO TRIBE WAS HERE RECENTLY/
10-17
*ABORIGINE HUTS
D'YOU S'POSE THEM NATIVES ARE STILL IN TH' AREA?
WE'D BETTER NOT WAIT AROUND TO FIND OUT/

THE PRISONER'S CLOTHES ARE DOUSED WITH A THICK, SUGARY LIQUID..
A TRIBESMAN STEPS TO A COVERED EARTHEN JAR...
...AND REMOVES THE LID...
...RELEASING AN ARMY OF HUNGRY SOLDIER ANTS!
HOPPY CASSIDY


HOPALONG CASSIDY
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE LOCATED TH' BUZZARDS WHO SPEARED SERGEANT BRANNIGAN WHEN WE WERE LEAVIN' THOSE ABANDONED WURLEYS A FEW MILES BACK!
THAT WAS TO KEEP US FROM SPOTTING THIS CAMP. THE SPREAD-EAGLED PRISONER IS FIRST MATE GALES FROM CAPTAIN SKUTTLES SHIP, THE "VULTURE!"
THEN HE'D KNOW WHERE THOSE BUSH-RANGERS ARE HIDIN' OUR STOLEN HERD! WHAT'LL WE DO 'BOUT IT, HOPPY?
SIT TIGHT AND DON'T LOOK AROUND. WE'RE ABOUT TO HAVE COMPANY!
TRY A RIGHT HOOK....AMERICAN STYLE!
NOW TRUSS HIM UP AND DRAG HIM OUT OF SIGHT, RED!
AN' WHILE I'M DOIN' THAT....?
I'LL BE SLIPPING INTO THAT VILLAGE TO RESCUE THE PRISONER. IF THAT CEREMONY MEANS WHAT I THINK IT DOES, THEY'RE FIXING TO KILL HIM!
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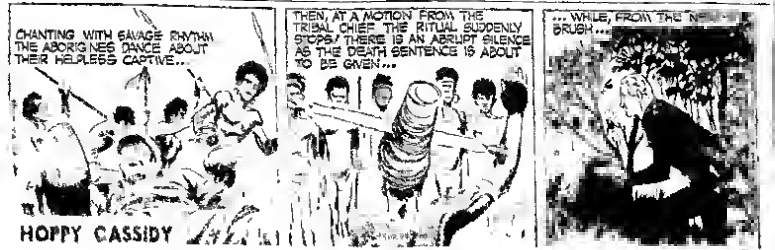
THIS NATIVE WE SLUGGED IS STARTIN' T' COME AROUND, HOPPY.
MAKE TALK-TALK! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT VILLAGE?
TRIBE CATCHEM FELLOW-MAN IN BUSH. MAKE CEREMONY
WHAT KIND OF CEREMONY?
HIM COVERED WITH SUGAR SYRUP. SOON HIM SACRIFICED WHEN WHITE ANTS SET FREE.
THEN THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!
HOPPY CASSIDY


CHANTING WITH SAVAGE RHYTHM THE ABORIGINES DANCE ABOUT THEIR HELPLESS CAPTIVE...
HOPPY CASSIDY
THEN, AT A MOTION FROM THE TRIBAL CHIEF THE RITUAL SUDDENLY STOPS! THERE IS AN ABRUPT SILENCE AS THE DEATH SENTENCE IS ABOUT TO BE GIVEN...
... WHILE, FROM THE NEARBY BRUSH...

THEY'VE TURNED TH' ANTE LOOSE! THAT SHIP'S MATE WILL SOON BE EATEN ALIVE UNLESS SOMETHIN HAPPENS!
BLAZES - THAT NATIVE AN' HOPPY CAPTURED MUSTA SLIPPED HIS BONDS! HE'S GONE!
HOPPY CASSIDY

DANGER! WHITE INVADER HERE IN VILLAGE!!
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! THEY'LL SOON FIND ME HERE! GOT TO MAKE A RUSH FOR IT, FREE THAT CAPTIVE-- AND TRUST TO LUCK!
HOPPY CASSIDY

HOPALONG CASSIDY
TWO WHITE FELLOW-MAN APPROACH VILLAGE/ ME ESCAPE ONE... OTHER HIDING HERE TO RESCUE PRISONER FROM SACRED WHITE ANT RITUAL/.
SEARCH VILLAGE!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO RED/ NOW I'M IN FOR IT!
THE SAVAGES COVERED ME WITH SUGAR SYRUP AND TURNED THOSE ANTS LOOSE/ GET ME OUT OF HERE!
I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!
HEAD FOR THE SLOPE/ OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO REACH MY PARD AND THE TWO HORSES WE STAKED OUT IN THE BRUSH!
THEN, AS HOPPY STOOPS TO AID HIS FALLEN COMPANION, THE BORIGINES SWARM IN FOR THE KILL!
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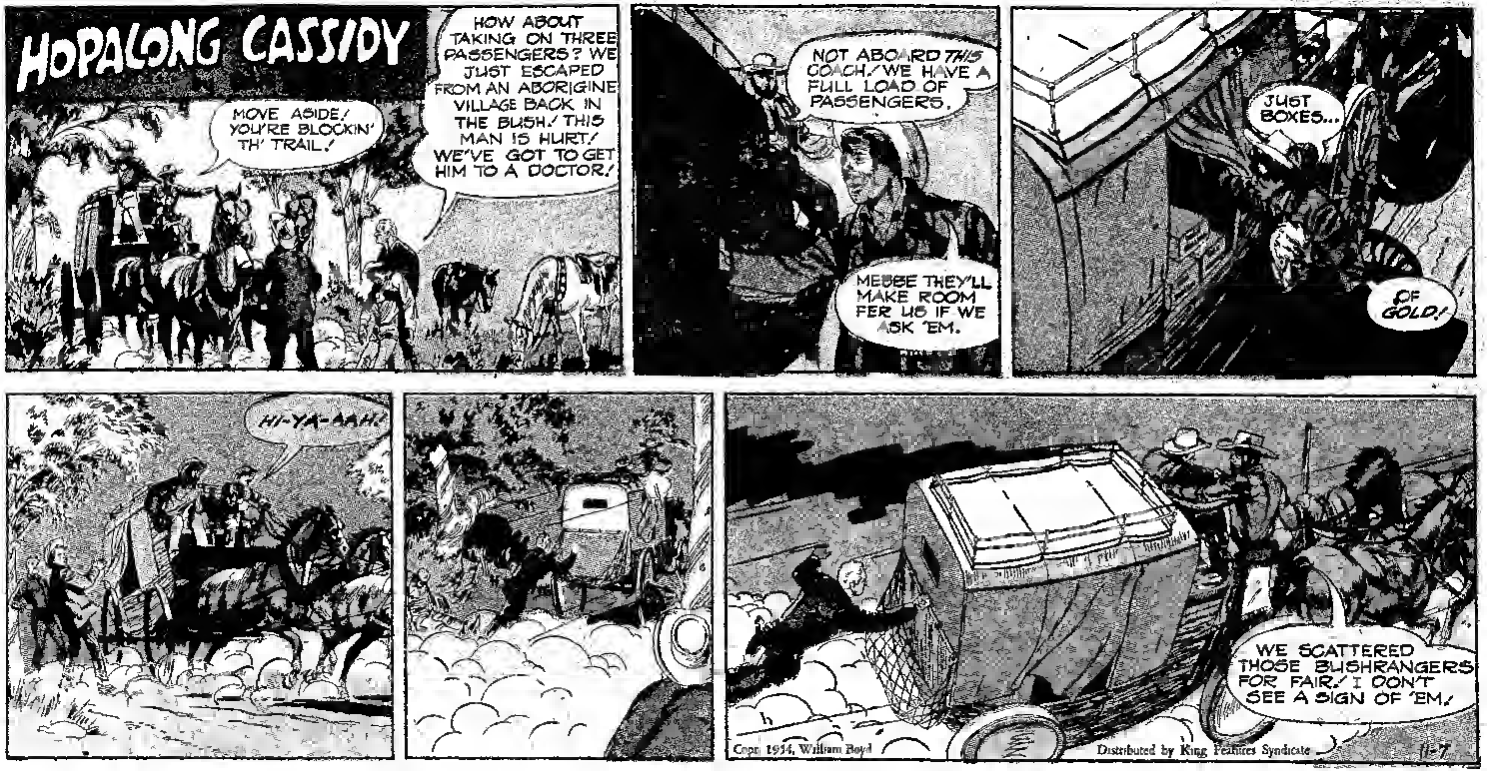
HOPALONG CASSIDY
MOVE ASIDE/ YOU'RE BLOCKIN' TH' TRAIL./
HOW ABOUT TAKING ON THREE PASSENGERS? WE JUST ESCAPED FROM AN ABORIGINE VILLAGE BACK IN THE BUSH./ THIS MAN IS HURT./ WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR./
NOT ABOARD THIS COACH./ WE HAVE A FULL LOAD OF PASSENGERS.
MEBBE THEY'LL MAKE ROOM FER US IF WE ASK 'EM.
JUST BOXES...
OF GOLD!
HI-YA-AAH!
WE SCATTERED THOSE BUSHRANGERS FOR FAIR./ I DON'T SEE A SIGN OF 'EM./
Copr. 1954, William Boyd
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
11-7

HOPALONG CASSIDY
IF YOU HADN'T TALKED THE MAIL-COACH DRIVER AN' HIS GUARD OUT O' THINKIN' WE WERE BUSHRANGERS, WE'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN ABOARD WITH THIS WOUNDED HOSS-SMUGGLER!
HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS...
GOLD BULLION
THAT'S BAD. IF GALES CASHES IN BEFORE WE CAN MOVE HIM TO A DOC, WE'LL NEVER GET A LINE ON THOSE BUSHRANGERS... OR OUR STOLEN HERD!
THIS BREAKNECK SPEED ISN'T HELPING HIM ANY! HEY, UP THERE! SLOW DOWN...WHA?!
WHOA!!
SOMEBODY'S AMBUSHED THEM FROM SOMEWHERE OFF IN THE BUSH!
WE'D BETTER GO BUZZARD HUNTIN' 'FORE WE'RE NEXT!
Copr. 1954, William Boyd
THERE THEY GO! NOW WE'LL CLEAN OUT THAT GOLD SHIPMENT AN' HEAD FOR TH' INN!
GOLD BULLION
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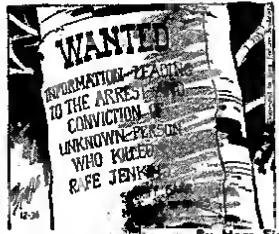
HOPALONG CASSIDY

By Dan Spiegle



JOE PALOOKA

By Hamlin Fisher

JENKINS?? THAT'S MESQUITE'S NAME!
AND RAFE JENKINS WAS HIS UNCLE.
GALLOPIN' GOPHERS! MEDDE MESQUITE'S BEIN' ARRESTED ON SOME TRUMPED-UP MURDER CHARGE!
THEN WE'RE WASTING TIME!
WE'D BETTER DOUBLE BACK UNTIL WE LOCATE THAT WATER WAGON!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE

HOPALONG CASSIDY **By DAN SPIEGLE**

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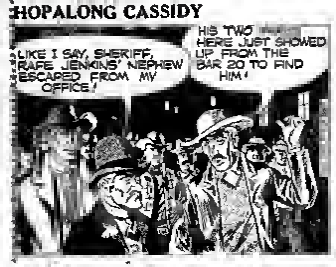
HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE

HOPALONG CASSIDY
I THOUGHT SO. WE SAW THE NAME ON A SHERIFF'S NOTICE SOMEWHERE ALONG THE TRAIL.
MINERAL SPRINGS.
THIS PLACE HAVE A NAME?
I'M THE SHERIFF WHO TACKED UP THAT NOTICE. WE'RE LOOKING FOR A KILLER WHO AMBUSHED THE TOWN SCHOOL-MASTER, RAFE JENKINS.
AN' WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR HIS NEPHEW. TWO GALOOTS KIDNAPPED HIM FROM TH' BAR-20 AN' HEADED THIS WAY.
SAY! SPEAK O' TH' DEVIL!... THERE THEY ARE NOW!
THAT'S TITUS BLEEK, A LAWYER, AND MY DEPUTY, MUNGO!
WE LURED RAFE JENKINS' NEPHEW HERE, BUT HE ESCAPED FROM BLEEK'S OFFICE 'FORE WE COULD GET HIS CONFESSION.
WHAT?!! FORM A POSSE AND CIRCLE THE TOWN!
IF I KNOW MESQUITE, HE'D NEVER CONFESS TO A CRIME HE DIDN'T COMMIT! THAT LAWYER'S HIDING SOMETHING! WE'D BETTER SLIP UP TO HIS OFFICE AND SEE WHAT IT IS!
TITUS BLEEK LAWYER
FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE! MUST BE BLEEK AND THAT CROOKED DEPUTY RETURNING! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE SHOWDOWN!
Copr. 1953, William Boyd

HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE



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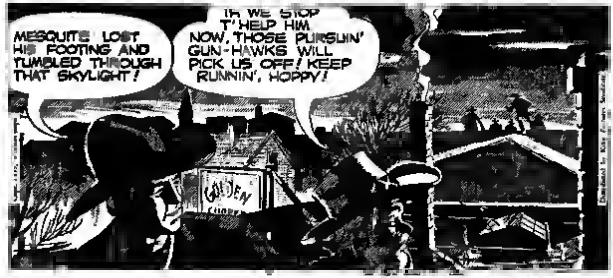

MESQUITE LOST HIS FOOTING AND TUMBLED THROUGH THAT SKYLIGHT!
IN WE STOP T'HELP HIM NOW, THOSE PURSUIN' GUN-HAWKS WILL PICK US OFF! KEEP RUNNIN', HOPPY!
GOLDEN
CHORUS

YOU SURE FELL INTO THE RIGHT PLACE, MISTER! IF I KNOW THAT POSSE, YOUR TWO PARDS WILL SOON BE BROUGHT IN TO JOIN YOU!
NOT IF I KNOW HOPPY AN' CALIFORNIA!

THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN RUN!
AN' THAT POSSE KNOWS IT! WE CAN'T STAY HERE, HOPPY!
LOOK!

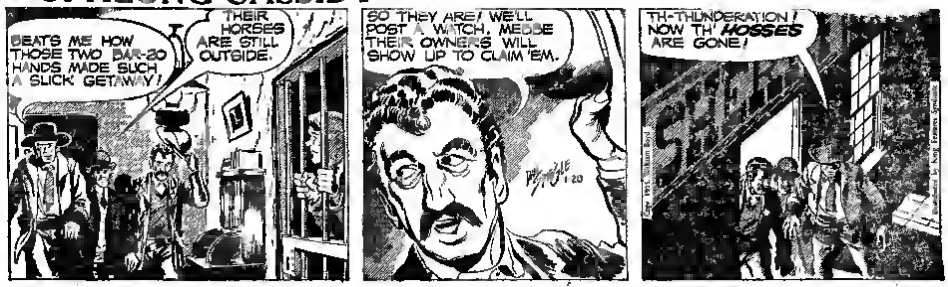
HOPALONG CASSIDY

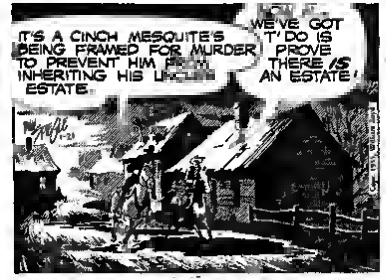
By DAN SPIEGLE

HOPALONG CASSIDY

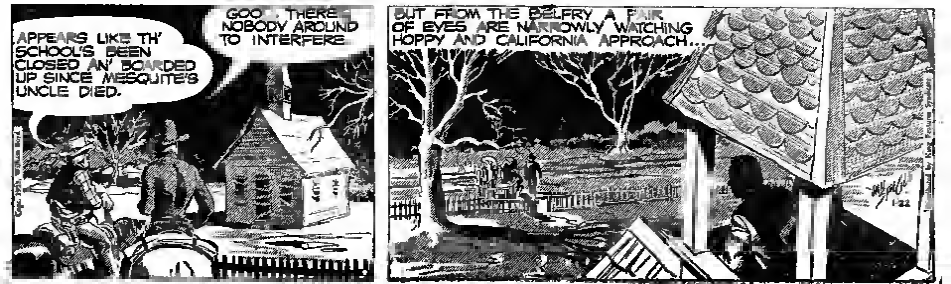
By DAN SPIEGLE

HOPALONG CASSIDY
THERE THEY ARE, AT BLEEK'S OFFICE! ONE OF THOSE MAVERICKS IS RAFE JENKINS' KILLER!
THE OTHER TWO CAME HERE TO HELP HIM ESCAPE. AFTER THEM!
EMPTY!
LOOK! THE ROOF HATCH IS OPEN!
THE POSSE'S SPOTTED US! RUN FOR IT!
OOPS!
REAL OBLIGING OF YOU TO DROP IN! NOW INTO THAT CELL—YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
Copr. 1955, William Boyd


BEATS ME HOW THOSE TWO BAR-20 HANDS MADE SUCH A SLICK GETAWAY!
THEIR HORSES ARE STILL OUTSIDE.
SO THEY ARE! WE'LL POST A WATCH, MEBBE THEIR OWNERS WILL SHOW UP TO CLAIM 'EM.
TH-THUNDERATION! NOW TH' HOSSES ARE GONE!
SCRATCH
Copr. 1975 William Boyd
Licensed by King Features Syndicate


IT'S A CINCH MESQUITE'S BEING FRAMED FOR MURDER TO PREVENT HIM FROM INHERITING HIS UNCLE'S ESTATE.
WE'VE GOT T' DO IS PROVE THERE IS AN ESTATE!

REIN IN! I THINK WE'LL FIND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR HERE!
TH' SCHOOL-HOUSE??


APPEARS LIKE TH' SCHOOL'S BEEN CLOSED AN' BOARDED UP SINCE MESQUITE'S UNCLE DIED.
GOOD... THERE NOBODY AROUND TO INTERFERE.
BUT FROM THE BELFRY A PAIR OF EYES ARE NARROWLY WATCHING HOPPY AND CALIFORNIA APPROACH...

HOPALONG CASSIDY
SOON WE SHOOK OFF THAT POSSE, BUT SHOULDN'T WE BE HELPIN' MESQUITE OUT O' TH' CALABOOSE INSTEAD O' POKIN' AROUND THIS OL' SCHOOLHOUSE, HOPPY?
IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THIS IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN HELP POOR MESQUITE.
JINGOES! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S PRIED OPEN THOSE BOARDS!
THE WINDOW'S OPEN. GIVE ME A BOOST, CALIFORNIA.
H'M.....SO THAT WAS MESQUITE'S UNCLE.
AND HE FILED A WILL THAT SAID: "EVERYTHING I OWN IN THE WORLD I LEAVE TO MY NEPHEW." ....THIS COULD BE THE "WORLD" WE CAME HERE TO FIND!
LISTEN! THAT SOUNDED LIKE THE SCHOOL BELL TINKLING!
THIS PLACE GIVES ME TH' CREEPS! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE—OOPS!
Copr. 1935, William Boyd
I'LL SAY YOU DID! THIS SLIP OF PAPER WAS HIDDEN INSIDE THE GLOBE!
NOW I DID IT!
IT SAYS: "LOOK FOR THE INDIAN'S EYE." WONDER WHAT RAFE JENKINS MEANT BY THAT!
TOO BAD HE ISN'T AROUND TO TELL US!
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.
1-23

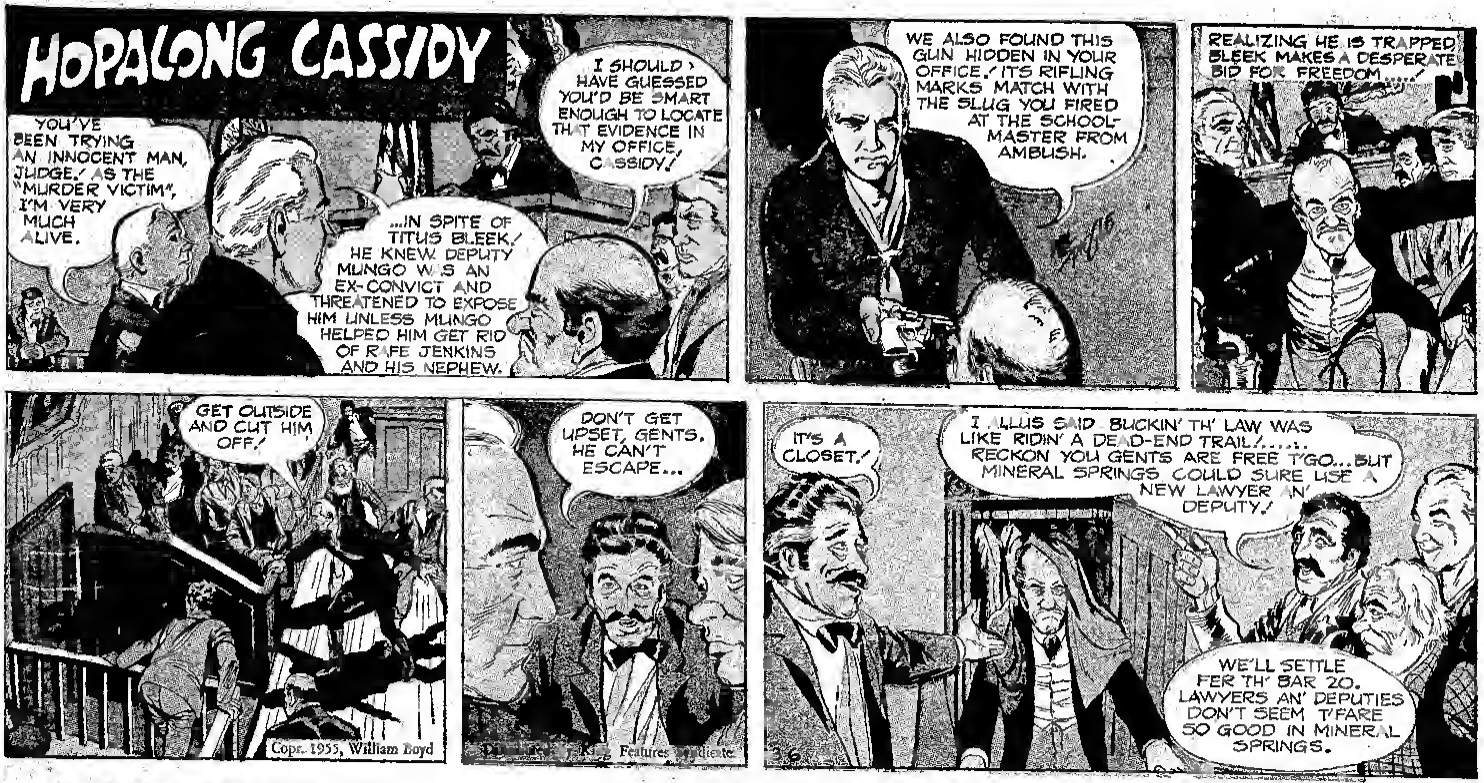
HOPALONG CASSIDY

HOPALONG CASSIDY
HE LOOKED LIKE THE OIL PAINTIN' ON TH' WALL, I TELL YA, HOPPY. KAFE JENKINS' GHOST WAS HAUNTIN' THE SCHOOLHOUSE.
IT TOOK MORE THAN A GHOST TO BREAK THROUGH THIS DOOR, CALIFORNIA.
A HORSE!... GALLOPIN' OFF THROUGH TH' THICKETS.
QUICK!... LET'S FOLLOW.
THROUGH THE NIGHT, HOPPY AND CALIFORNIA RIDE AFTER THE UNSEEN HORSEMAN....
TH' TRACKS SEEM T'HEAD DOWN TH' MOUNTAIN, NOW.... WHERE D'YOU S'POSE HE'S HEADIN'?
YOU GOT ME!... HEY! LOOK DOWN THERE.
JINGOES! A RANGE O' HILLS SHAPED LIKE AN INJUN'S HEAD.... AN' A SMALLER RANGE INSIDE, FORMIN' AN EYE!
THE INDIAN'S EYE! THAT "GHOST" HAS LED US STRAIGHT TO MESQUITE'S INHERITANCE!
1-30

HOPALONG CASSIDY
THIS MESS O' ROCKS IS A HEAP SIGHT BIGGER THAN IT LOOKED FROM TH' MOUNTAINS, TH' "INJUN'S EYE" IS A REGULAR MAZE.
AND WELL NAMED, I'VE GOT AN UNEASY--
HIT THE DIRT!
SOMEBODY'S SNIPIN' AT US FROM THAT SHACK./
KEEP DRAWING HIS FIRE./ I'LL TRY "SMOKING" HIM OUT....
THIS OLD SHINGLE SHOULD DO IT.
HE'S QUIT SHOOTIN'./ WE GOT 'IM, HOPPY!/
TAKE THE FRONT DOOR./ I'LL COVER THE BACK./
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
NO CHANCE OF ESCAPE.... YET HE'S GONE!
I KNEW IT./ WE'RE DEALIN' WITH CAFE JENKINS' GHOST!/

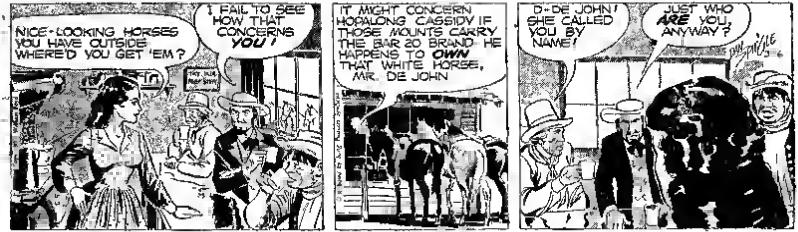
HOPALONG CASSIDY
By DAN SPIGGLE
FOR A GHOST, YOU'RE A REAL LIVE EXAMPLE OF MESQUITE JENKINS' UNCLE! WE TRAILED YOU HERE FROM THE MINERAL SPRINGS SCHOOL-HOUSE
AND WERE SMART ENOUGH TO LOCATE THE FALSE WALL IN THAT SHACK AND FOLLOW ME INTO THIS COPPER MINE."
COPPER MINE?
I DISCOVERED THIS SITE MONTHS AGO. SPENT ALL MY SPARE TIME SECRETLY WORKING THE CLAIM. TWICE I SHOOK OFF SOMEBODY WHO TRIED TO FOLLOW ME. THAT'S WHEN I FILED MY WILL, LEAVING ALL THIS TO MY NEPHEW, MESQUITE
THEN ONE DAY I RODE INTO A GUN TRAP ON RAWHIDE RIDGE, AND PRETENDED TO BE SHOT....
"...ROLLING OFF THE TRAIL TO GET OUT OF RANGE."
"I CLUNG TO THE ROCKS BELOW THE TRAIL, FIGURING THE KILLER WOULD THINK MY BODY WAS SWEPT
I HID OUT HERE, WAITING FOR YOU TWO SCOUNDRELS TO SHOW YOUR HANDS!
YOU'VE GOT TH' WRONG MAN, MISTER JENKINS.
IT'S DEPUTY MUNGO AN' THAT CROOKED LAWYER, BLEEK, WHO ARE AFTER YOUR CLAIM!
YES, AND UNLESS WE GET YOU BACK TO TOWN IN A HURRY, THE LAW IS GOING TO HANG YOUR NEPHEW FOR A CRIME THAT NEVER HAPPENED!
Copr. 1951 William Boyd, Distributed by King Features Syndicate

HOPALONG CASSIDY
By DAN SPIEGLE
THAT MINE EXPLOSION IN APACHE HILLS NOT ONLY UNCOVERED A FORTUNE IN COPPER BUT IT TRAPPED CASSIDY, HIS PARD AN' RAFE JENKINS FER KEEPS.'
AND NOW WE'LL TREAT RAFE JENKINS' ONLY HEIR, THERE'S QUITE A CROWD AT THE COURTHOUSE FOR HIS "MURDER" TRIAL.
THE DEFENDANT, LAWRENCE QUIMBY JENKINS, WITH THE AID OF TWO CONFEDERATES, IS ACCUSED OF WILFULLY MURDERING HIS UNCLE, RAFEL JENKINS, MINERAL SPRINGS' BELOVED SCHOOL-MASTER...
THAT'S A LIE!
AS THE PEOPLE'S WITNESS, I SHOULD LIKE TO CALL THE HONORABLE AND RESPECTED DEPUTY SHERIFF MUNGO TO THE STAND.
NOW THEN, MISTER MUNGO, PLEASE TELL THE COURT EXACTLY WHAT YOU OBSERVED ON THE DAY OF THE CRIME.
SURE...
TH' DAY TH' SCHOOLMASTER WAS MURDERED, HE AN' I WERE RIDIN' ALONG RAWHIDE RIDGE WHEN I SPOTTED THIS HERE MAN AN' TWO OTHERS LURKIN' BEHIND SOME ROCKS...
BEFORE I COULD SHOUT A WARNIN', TH' DEFENDANT OPENED FIRE. TH' SCHOOL-MASTER FELL FROM HIS HOSS OFF TH' HIGH TRAIL INTO MINERAL CREEK AN' WAS SWEPT AWAY....
THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE MISSING BODY BUT WHAT BECAME OF THE DEFENDANT'S TWO COMPANIONS?
THEY CAME HERE TO RESCUE THEIR PARD, BUT LIT OUT WHEN OUR POSSE CLOSED IN. WE LOST 'EM IN TH' BACK COUNTRY. THEY'RE PROBABLY MILES AWAY BY NOW.


HOPALONG CASSIDY
YOU'VE BEEN TRYING AN INNOCENT MAN, JUDGE. AS THE "MURDER VICTIM", I'M VERY MUCH ALIVE.
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED YOU'D BE SMART ENOUGH TO LOCATE THAT EVIDENCE IN MY OFFICE, CASSIDY!
...IN SPITE OF TITUS BLEEK, HE KNEW DEPUTY MUNGO WAS AN EX-CONVICT AND THREATENED TO EXPOSE HIM UNLESS MUNGO HELPED HIM GET RID OF RAFE JENKINS AND HIS NEPHEW.
WE ALSO FOUND THIS GUN HIDDEN IN YOUR OFFICE. ITS RIFLING MARKS MATCH WITH THE SLUG YOU FIRED AT THE SCHOOLMASTER FROM AMBUSH.
REALIZING HE IS TRAPPED, BLEEK MAKES A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM.....
GET OUTSIDE AND CUT HIM OFF!
Copr. 1955, William Boyd
DON'T GET UPSET, GENTS. HE CAN'T ESCAPE...
Features Syndicate
IT'S A CLOSET.
I ALLUS SAID BUCKIN' TH' LAW WAS LIKE RIDIN' A DEAD-END TRAIL..... RECKON YOU GENTS ARE FREE T'GO... BUT MINERAL SPRINGS COULD SURE USE A NEW LAWYER AN' DEPUTY.
WE'LL SETTLE FER TH' BAR 20. LAWYERS AN' DEPUTIES DON'T SEEM T'FARE SO GOOD IN MINERAL SPRINGS.

HOPALONG CASSIDY
WE WERE MAKING FOR THE BAR 20 WHEN WE SPOTTED THIS WATER HOLE AND DECIDED TO WASH OFF THE TRAIL DUST.
WHILE WE'RE SWIMMIN', SOME ORNERY BUZZARD SWAPS OUR MOUNTS FER THESE BROKEN-DOWN CAYUSES!
THAT YARN'S TOO THIN, MISTER.
WE'VE BEEN TRAILIN' THESE STOLEN HORSES FROM LAREDO AN' TH' TRAIL ENDS HERE!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE CAUGHT WITH STOLEN GOODS. GET INTO YOUR DUDS.
AS HOPPY YANKS THE HORSEMAN FROM HIS MOUNT, A SMALL OBJECT FALLS FROM THE STRANGER'S POCKET....
Copr. 1935, William Boyd
A TEXAS RANGER'S BADGE!
THAT'S US! WE'RE TAKIN' YOU IN TO THE NEAREST RANGER POST AT BUCKSKIN.
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
WELCOME TO BUCKSKIN
WHILE, SEVERAL MILES TO THE NORTH.....
3-13

HOPALONG CASSIDY **By DAN SPIEGLE**



HOPALONG CASSIDY

DICK TRACY

HOPALONG CASSIDY
LOOK! OUR HOSSES!
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE BEEN TH' HOSS THIEVES ARRIVE. WE'LL START CHECKIN' AT ALL TH' STORES.
THE LAW'S CAUGHT UP WITH THOSE HORSES, THEY'LL BE HEADING THIS WAY SOON.
THE LAW SHOULD HAVE HEADED YOUR WAY LONG AGO, MISTER DE JOHN. THE MOMENT YOU SET FOOT IN HERE, I RECOGNIZED YOU AS THE MAN WHO MADE OFF WITH THE BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS THE LAST NIGHT OUR SHOW PLAYED THE BUCKSKIN OPERA HOUSE!
SATIN SMOOTHE NEVER FORGETS A WRONG. NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT.
NO.... YOU ARE.
YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO SHOOT ME. THAT COFFEE'S BEEN DRUGGED. THE LAW WOULD GRAB YOU BEFORE ITS EFFECTS WORE OFF.
SHE.... SHE'S RIGHT. I FEEL.... DIZZY.
ME TOO.
Co... 1955, William Boyd
WH-WHAT KIND OF GAME ARE YOU UP TO?
YOU'LL FIND OUT. TAKE THIS KEY. IT UNLOCKS THE THEATER STAGE DOOR IN THE ALLEY. WAIT INSIDE TILL I GET RID OF CASSIDY AND THE RANGERS.... HURRY!
THREE STRANGERS? SORRY, MISTER CASSIDY, BUT NOBODY'S BEEN HERE SINCE NOON.
...y King Features Syndicate.
THEN MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO WASH UP THOSE THREE COFFEE CUPS. SOMEBODY MIGHT GET THE WRONG IDEA.

HOPALONG CASSIDY
HOW DO I LOOK, DE JOHN?
LIKE A REAL GENTLEMAN RINGER, THANKS TO THE COSTUMES STORED IN THIS OLD THEATRE. LET'S GET BACK TO THE CAFE. SATIN HAS PLANS.
WAIT FER ME!
REMEMBER US?
EVEN YOUR OWN MOTHERS WOULDN'T KNOW YOU. CLOSE THAT DOOR.
TRY OUR APPLE PIE
YOU ALWAYS FANCIED YOURSELF A GREAT ACTOR, DE JOHN. NOW YOU CAN PROVE IT. KNOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS?
PERFECTLY, MY DEAR. AS "SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE" FROM BUCKSKIN, I AM TO TAKE THE NEXT STAGE TO AUSTIN WHERE I'M TO CAST THE DECIDING BALLOT IN THE STATE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL THAT WILL VOTE THE TEXAS RANGERS OUT OF EXISTENCE IN THIS DISTRICT.
MEANWHILE, AT THE LOCAL RANGER POST.....
CASSIDY, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD HAPPEN IF THE TEXAS RANGERS IN THIS DISTRICT WERE SUDDENLY DISBANDED?
WE'D BE UP AGAINST MORE THAN JUST HORSE THIEVES. RAIDERS FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER COULD TURN THIS PLACE INTO A LAWLESS FRONTIER, CAPTAIN.
THAT'S WHY WE NEED YOUR HELP. I'M SENDING YOU TO THE STATE CAPITAL ON THE NEXT STAGE TO BREAK THAT COUNCIL DEADLOCK AND KEEP THE TEXAS RANGERS IN THIS AREA. YOUR VOTE WILL BE THE DECIDING ONE.
Copr. 1937 William Boyd
THREE FARES TO AUSTIN, MY GOOD MAN.
YES, SIR. TH' STAGE IS ABOUT READY T' PULL OUT. YOU GENTS MIGHT AS WELL CLIMB ABOARD.
King Features Syndicate
3-27

HOPALONG CASSIDY
THIS IS THE STAGE I MISSED AT BUCKSKIN. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO THOSE THREE STRANGERS ARE WHO GOT ABOARD.
WHAT THE-?!
SORRY, YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY THE PASSENGERS I EXPECTED TO FIND.
I'VE BEEN ON THE TRAIL OF THREE BEARDED HORSE THIEVES WHO ESCAPED INTO BUCKSKIN.
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT I'M A SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE HEADING FOR AUSTIN TO VOTE IN THE TEXAS RANGER DEADLOCK.
NOW THAT'S REAL INTERESTING. I THOUGHT I WAS THE DELEGATE!
DALE CRIPPEN
NOT IF WE CAN HELP IT!
Copr. 1955, William Boyd
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.
3

HOPALONG CASSIDY
HE'S GOT AN ALMIGHTY NERVE SHOWIN' HIS FACE HERE AFTER WHAT HE DID!
IT'S CASSIDY!
THREE STRANGERS ....SLUGGED ME... ...THREW ME ....OFF THE... AUSTIN STAGE! BETTER REPORT TO CAPTAIN STRONG AT THE RANGER POST!
TEXAS RANGERS
CLOSED!
WHAT'D YOU EXPECT? THE TEXAS RANGERS ARE OUT O' THIS AREA FOR GOOD! THANKS T' YOU!
YOU WENT TO AUSTIN AN' VOTED TH' RANGERS OUT O' BUSINESS, THEN CAME BACK HERE T' FEED US A PACK O' LIES!
4-10
I'M NOT IN THE HABIT OF LYING! SOMEBODY IN THIS TOWN IS PLOTTING TROUBLE! IF YOU WON'T HELP ME LEARN WHO IT IS, I'LL DO IT ALONE!

HOPALONG CASSIDY
REMEMBER ME? THE NAME'S CASSIDY.
I'VE HEARD OF YOU. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WENT TO AUSTIN AND VOTED THE TEXAS RANGERS OUT OF THIS DISTRICT.
DID I? SUPPOSE WE ALL GO TO AUSTIN TO EXPLAIN HOW YOU THREE THREW ME OFF THE STAGE SO THAT YOU COULD VOTE IN MY PLACE! GET STARTED, GENTS!
I WOULDN'T ACT TOO HASTY. THIS TOWN IS FULL OF FRIENDS OF MINE. THEY'RE HERE TO PROTECT MY INTERESTS.
CASSIDY'S GOT FRIENDS, TOO! KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF YOUR GUNS AN' NOBODY GETS HURT!
Copr. 1955, William Boyd
Distributed by Kin Features Syndicat

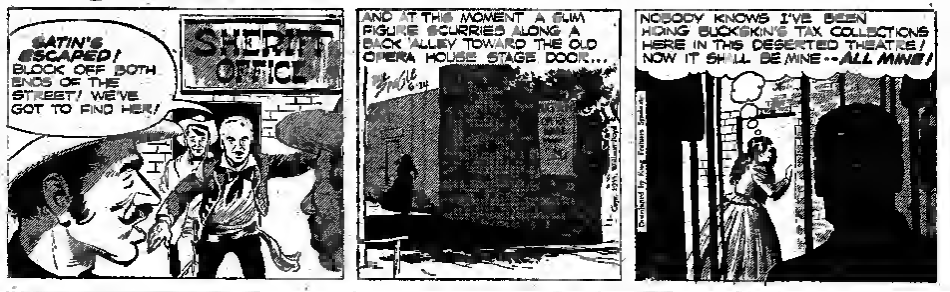
I KNEW THOSE DAD-DRATTED BUZZARDS WOULD BE UP T'SOMETHING!
POST EXTRA GUARDS AND WARN EVERY NEIGHBORING RANCHER TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR TROUBLE! I'LL BE BUSY TRAILING THE NEW T.X. COLLECTOR.
WHAT FOR?
UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, HE'S GOING TO LEAD ME TO HIS BOSS!

DICK TRACY

HOPALONG CASSIDY
By DAN SPIEGLE
LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE AT TH' LAZY K.
DON TARANTULA'S MOB WAS HERE TO COLLECT TH' "NEW TAXES"! THEY GOT OUR BARN AFIRE, RUSTLED A HERD O' LONGHORNS AN' HEADED NORTH!
MOCCASIN CREEK COUNTRY! LET'S GO!
MORE TROUBLE!
IT'S A PARTY O' RANCHERS!
WHAT'S WRONG?
PLENTY!
DON TARANTULA ATTACKED A HALF DOZEN RANCHES IN THIS AREA AND STOLE OUR HERDS. WE TRACED THE RUSTLERS AS FAR AS THE CREEK, THEN LOST THEIR TRAIL!
THEY'RE USING THE CREEK TO BLOT OUT THEIR TRACKS! YOU MEN SEARCH DOWNSTREAM! RED MESQUITE AND I WILL COVER THE UPPER VALLEY!
THE LONG NIGHT DRAGS INTO DAYLIGHT.
IT'S NO USE, HOPPY! WE'VE LOST 'EM! I VOTE WE HEAD BACK T' TH' BAR 20.
RIGHT!
LATER...
THUNDERATION, HOPPY! D'YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
SATAN'S HORSE!!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

HOPALONG CASSIDY


SHERIFF'S OFFICE
SATIN'S ESCAPED! BLOCK OFF BOTH ENDS OF THE STREET! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER!
AND AT THIS MOMENT A SLIM FIGURE SCURRIES ALONG A BACK ALLEY TOWARD THE OLD OPERA HOUSE STAGE DOOR...
NOBODY KNOWS I'VE BEEN HIDING BUCKSKIN TAX COLLECTIONS HERE IN THIS DESERTED THEATRE! NOW IT SHALL BE MINE--ALL MINE!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

HOPALONG CASSIDY

HOPALONG CASSIDY

YOU AN' TH' MARSHAL GUESS GOT HERE IN TIME T' STOP THESE FAKE DEPUTIES FROM ESCAPIN', HOPPY!
NOTHING ON THEM! THAT OPIUM THEY WERE AFTER MUST STILL BE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THIS CAMP!
THEY WERE LURKING NEAR THOSE EXTRA HORSES WHEN WE SPOTTED THEM!
LET'S FIND OUT WHY!

I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS O' SMUGGLED OPIUM.
ME NEITHER.
THE STUFF'S GOT TO BE HERE! THAT WAS THE MAIN REASON THOSE SMUGGLERS SHOWED UP!
MANE! -- THAT COULD BE THE KEY!

WHAT DID YOU FIND, CASSIDY?
THE ANSWER!
EVERY ONE OF OUR SADDLE HORSES MUST HAVE THESE METAL CONTAINERS TIED UNDER THEIR MANES!
SO THAT'S HOW THE OPIUM IS BEING SMUGGLED THROUGH TO THIS END!
NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE BEGINNING!

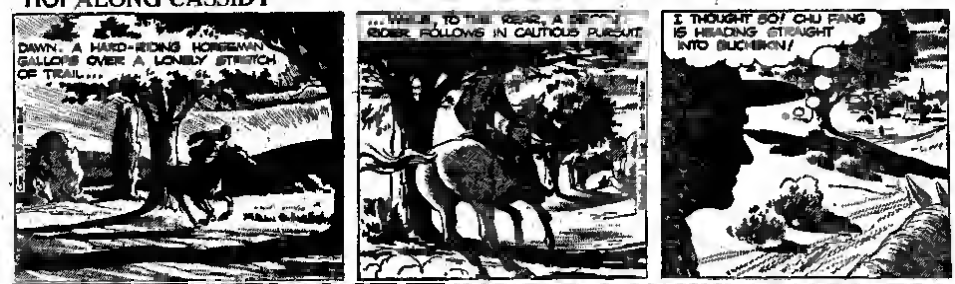
DICK TRACY

HOPALONG CASSIDY

I'VE SEEN THIS HANDWRITING BEFORE. WHOEVER ADDRESSED THE ENVELOPE ALSO WROTE TO LO SING BEFORE HE QUIT HIS JOB!
BESIDES HE DIDN'T QUIT HIS JOB! HE COULD-A BEEN LURED INTO A TRAP!
I FIGGERED ALL ALONG THAT NEW RANCH COOK, C'LEIN' HIMSELF CHU FANG, SHOWED UP A LITTLE TOO CONVENIENT-LIKE!
SOMETHING TELLS ME CHU FANG HAS A FEW OTHER THINGS TO CLEAN UP BESIDES TONIGHT'S SUPPER DISHES!
Copr. 1976, Bil Keane, Inc.
Distributed by King Features Syndicate

CHU FANG? HE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO!
MEBBE HE HEADED AROUND BACK.
HE'S NOT HERE!
NEITHER IS TH' CHUCK WAGON HOSS! IT WAS TIED OFF TO TH' RIG! WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?
I'LL GIVE YOU ONE GUESS!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

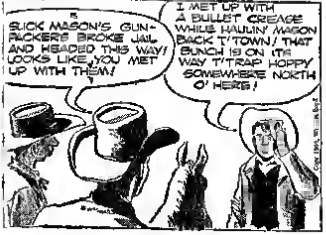


HOPALONG CASSIDY
YOU'RE A BAD SHOT, CHU FANG. I LET YOU THINK YOU'D KILLED ME ON THE TRAIL FIGURING YOU'D LEAD ME TO YOUR HANGOUT.
MOST CLEVER OF YOU, MISTER CASSIDY, BUT IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR HIDDEN OPIUM HERE, YOU WASTE YOUR TIME.
YOU HAVE ALSO THROWN AWAY YOUR LIFE, AS YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE.
YOU FORGET I AM HOLDING THE GUN.
AH, YES. BUT THOSE INCENSE FUMES CONTAIN A DEADLY POISON. ALREADY YOU ARE FEELING ITS EFFECTS.
THERE'S TOPPER. HOPEY MUST BE IN TH' LAUNDRY.
KYONG
SOMEONE ON THE STAIRS.
THROUGH THE EXIT... QUICKLY.
Copr. 1951, William Boyd
8-28
Distributed by King Features Synd., Inc.

HOPALONG CASSIDY

HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE



HEY KIDS! Join the BIG Post Cereals' Roundup!

Get HOPPY'S 36 WILD WEST TRADING CARDS FREE OF EXTRA COST!

There's a Hopalong Cassidy Wild West Trading Card for you in every box of these chuck-wagon favorites. No money—no boxtops needed! Get 'em at Mom's favorite grocer's—in the Post Cereal boxes marked "WILD WEST TRADING CARD"!

There are mighty fine trading cards! On one side they're decorated with full color pictures of Wild West scenes. And on the other side there's Hoppy's own personal picture plus an exciting description of the scene on the front of the card. Look—here are just a few of the grand cards you get in the complete assortment of thirty six! "Hoppy Shoots a Rattlesnake," "Hoppy Rides Gold," "Fancy Rope Spinning." Be the first member of your gang to have a complete set of 36!

Trade 'em! Collect 'em! Round up the whole set!